

P O E M S.

DESCRIPTIVE,
ELEGIES,
EPISTLES,
ODES,

SYLVA, or
MISCELLANIES,
SONGS, and
SONNETS.

BY

WILLIAM MAVOR, LL.D.

Τὸν φθόνον ὦ πόλλων ποδὶ τ' ἤλασεν ὥδ' ἑῖπεν·
Ἀσσυρίε ποταμοῖο μέγας ῥόος, ἀλλὰ τὰ πολλὰ
Λύματα γῆς κ' πολλὸν ἰφ' ὕδατι συμφετὸν ἔλκει.
—— ἥ τις καδάρῃ τε κ' ἀχράαντος ἀνέρπει
Πίδακος ἐκ ἱερῆς ὀλίγη λίσσας, ἄκρον ἄωτον.

CALLIM. HYMN. IN APOLL.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON,
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1793.

P O E N S

THE

THE



THE

THE

THE

THE

TO HER GRACE
CAROLINE
DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.
AS SOME SMALL TESTIMONY OF HEARTFELT
GRATITUDE FOR MANY FAVOURS
RECEIVED FROM HER GRACE, AND
HER ILLUSTRIOUS FAMILY,
THIS COLLECTION OF POEMS,
BEING HONoured BY HER CONDESCENSION,
IS,
WITH THE UTMOST DEFERENCE AND RESPECT,
INSCRIBED,
BY HER GRACE'S
MOST OBLIGED,
AND MOST DEVOTED
HUMBLE SERVANT,

WOODSTOCK,
June 1, 1793.

W. MAVOR.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE PUBLIC may possibly be *indifferent* as to the MOTIVES which occasioned the present Publication—Its merits or defects alone concern the Reader. But the Author thinks it proper to premise, that he has formed this COLLECTION, while it was yet in his power, lest at some time it should be done by others less qualified; and that it might have all the justice which the partiality of a parent to his offspring, however homely, can give it.

Many of these Poems have been published in various forms, and on various occasions, and the Author has no reason to complain of the reception they have met with—Many have never seen the light till now, and many more have been suppressed. For publishing so much, indeed, he ought to make some apology; and especially for admitting several pieces, written at a very early age, which may be considered as light or trifling. Some of these, however, were produced in the happiest hours of his life, and are endeared by particular recollections; some recal the memory of the lamented dead—and some of the valued living. Our private feelings gene-

rally determine our public measures, and often fix an ideal importance on the most insignificant concerns.

That the *sombre* may be traced in many of these Poems, the Author is justly sensible—But he has written according to the present impression. Grief has too often held the pen, while Sensibility dipped it in tears. Often in painting *fictitious* woe, he has tried to escape from *real*—It is one unhappy effect of the poetic inclination, and of cultivated taste in general, to superinduce an exotic tenderness. That fortitude of mind which enables a man to despise ills, and to triumph over fortune, is seldom conferred by learning—yet learning has its sweets, and sweets too dear to be relinquished.

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PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE POET AND THE PRINTER.

PRINTER.

I'VE read o'er your Poems, and—may I be free ?
In opinion I fear we shall never agree.

POET.

Speak boldly—I honour Sincerity's part—
The man that is candid I'll clasp to my heart.
To Truth and to Reason with reverence I bow,
To those my eternal allegiance I vow ;
While Folly, and Envy, and Malice combin'd,
May buzz round my head—they reach not my mind.

PRINTER.

Well, then, to make short—your Poems are grave,
With scarce wit enough from sinking to save ;
Few dashes of humour, much too little of love,
Scarce a passion save that of soft pity you move :
No villain you flatter, nor, worse ! you expose ;
No fool you make free with—you batter no foes.—
Nay more——

POET.

—— Hold, hold, I wou'd not, to merit the bays,
Of Sense, Taste, and Virtue thus forfeit the praise !
The fools that I pity, the knaves that I hate,
Shall ne'er in my verse gain a respite from fate :
Not one day would I wish to lengthen their fame ;
With their vices, and foibles too, perish their name !

PRINTER.

A Poet devoid both of satire and gall !
Indeed you surprise me—'tis marvellous all.

P O E T.

If I may be allow'd my own bosom to know,
'Tis form'd for Affection's most cordial glow ;
To Friendship attach'd, to Gratitude prone,
It melts at distress—it feels all its own !
The keenest excess both of pleasure and pain,
Heaven taught me to taste ;—ah ! the former in vain.
Yet not all the ills that can press on the mind,
Estrange it from social love of its kind ;
The Passions malignant ne'er asylum found there—
Too soft are its tones their impression to bear.

O perish the verse, may the wit be forgot,
That fixes on CHARITY's features a blot !
That sanctions the worthless, or flatters the base,
Though e'er so exalted in fortune or place !
That sharpens the pangs Sensibility shares,
Or sports with misfortunes, and aggravates cares ;
That spatters the merit it cannot attain,
And plants in the generous bosom a pain !

Yes ! let my dull Muse in good-nature delight—
I ask for no fame from libels and spite ;
No laugh would I raise at th' expence of a sigh—
No tear would I draw from the innocent eye :
To Friendship and Virtue my verses are due,
And the wreath that I twine to their dictates are true !

BLLENHEIM :

BLENHEIM:

A

P O E M.

A R G U M E N T.

Invocation and Address to Chaucer, the Father of English Poetry—Scene, a May Morning—Subject proposed—Ancient Palace—Alfred—Henry II.—Rosalind—The Black Prince—The Princess Elizabeth—Modern Improvements—Blenheim—Paintings—Apostrophe to Artists—Tapestry—Address to George Duke of Marlborough—Noon—A View from the Triumphal Gate near Woodstock—Churchill's Pillar—Character—Woodstock—Origin of the Echo—Evening—Flower Basket—Cascade—Reflection—Fountain—High Lodge—Landscape—Oxford—Conclusion.

BLENHEIM*:

A

P O E M.

—NOT THE VALE
OF TEMPE, FAM'D IN SONG, NOR IDA'S GROVE
SUCH BEAUTY BOASTS.

LORD LYTTLETON'S *Blenheim*.

QUI FAIT AIMER LES CHAMPS, FAIT AIMER LA VERTU.

DE LILLE.

IMMORTAL CHAUCER ! from ELYSIAN bowers,
Where Pleasure's Sun illumes the light-wing'd hours ;

* LOCAL Poetry is a Species of Composition, of which the fundamental Subject is some particular Landscape to be poetically described, with the Addition of such Embellishments as may be supplied by HISTORICAL Retrospection, or INCIDENTAL Meditation,

Dr. JOHNSON.

Where deathless wreaths poetic brows entwine,
 Nor ENVY blasts the honours of the Nine;
 Propitious lift!—Thy once-lov'd haunts explore, 5
 Where raptur'd Muses caught thy lays of yore;
 When sweetest notes made vocal every grove,
 And every echo whisper'd heart-felt love.

First-born of bards! when Fancy paints thy name,
 I catch contagion from thy hallow'd fame; 10
 Through all my soul devolves Ambition's tide,
 With thee, down future years, I seem to glide:
 My little bark gains impulse from thy oar,
 Quits the low strand, and seeks the Muses' shore.
 O blest'd in fortune! and in fame too blest'd, 15
 By kings and princes honour'd and carest'd!
 If e'er thy gentle spirit hovers near,
 Thy humble suppliant mildly deign to hear;
 On me, the votary of the tuneful throng,
 Pour down thy fire, and elevate my song; 20
 O'er every line thy inspiration throw,
 And teach my numbers, like my theme, to glow!

Now

Now opening morn the orient decks with red,
 And every star of silver light is fled ;
 Soft vernal gales dispense a sweet perfume, 25
 And smiling FLORA wantons in her bloom :
 In verdant vesture fields and trees appear,—
 Unnumber'd beauties paint the genial year ;
 While choral lays, from all the feather'd train,
 Swell the sweet concert, and delight the plain. 30
 Through shady thickets trips the timid fawn,
 The nimble doe bounds briskly o'er the lawn ;
 The woolly race to early pasture creep,
 And liquid gems from every green blade sweep.
 Across the vista limps the watchful hare, 35
 And starts, and trembles at the sportive air ;
 Surveys my steps, then meditates her flight,
 Seeks the close covert, and avoids my sight.

Fear not, ye painted tenants of the grove,
 Pursue your song, and celebrate your love ! 40
 Fly not, ye fawns ! no hostile arms I bear,—
 My heart too feeling to increase your fear ;

My hands too pure to rob the warbler's nest,
 The young to cage, or wound the tuneful breast !
 No tyrant deeds my early steps intend, 45
 In me behold your lover and your friend,
 The Muses' votary, warm'd by NATURE's charms,
 To paint HER beauties—not to spread alarms.

Enchanting NATURE ! mistress of my heart,
 Thy form I bear in every vital part ; 50
 Enraptur'd trace thee, in each circling view,
 Through every scene thy devious steps pursue ;
 And as I range, through different objects tost,
 Awhile from MEMORY's page my ills are lost ;
 HOPE's ardent eye her fruitless prospects leaves, 55
 Nor fond REFLECTION meditates and grieves.

Let others sing of TEMPE's bloomy vale,
 INDOSTAN's shades, SABÆA's spicy gale ;
 In visionary blifs with PLATO rove
 Through ACADEMUS' consecrated grove ; 60
 Pursue the windings of ILYSSUS' stream,
 Or, lull'd by Muses, on PARNASSUS dream :

Enough

Enough for me, amid these vernal bowers,
 To sing of Nature's sweets, and BLENHEIM's towers;
 Enough for me, the minutes to beguile *, 65
 And, O! too much, if MARLBOROUGH deign to smile!

Where yon spread trees wave o'er the crystal stream,
 And shew inverted by the solar beam;
 There, where the margin's daisy-mantled side
 Shelves down to kiss the congregated tide, 70
 An ancient palace stood †—the lov'd retreat
 Of Britain's monarchs from the toils of state;
 Where, dropt the weight of diademic power,
 The king, in private, spent the tranquil hour;
 New schemes contriv'd, or ponder'd on the past, 75
 Nor felt time slowly lag, nor fly too fast.
 Here sacred ALFRED, victor of his foes,
 Indulg'd a studious, and a mild repose;

* This Poem was originally written during the intervals that illness gave the Author a necessary relaxation from more important avocations; or when he fled to the alleviations of verse, as an antidote for the pressure of care.

† Now not a wreck remains. Two sycamore trees alone mark the spot.

Undrew the veil that wrapt the moral page *,
 And sooth'd by classic arts a barbarous age ; 80
 Bade Science bloom with renovated grace,
 And clasp the Muses in a close embrace.
 Here valiant HENRY, crown'd by War and Love,
 Form'd the fam'd labyrinth, and rear'd the grove ;
 In scenes of dalliance sunk the hero's fire, 85
 And wak'd to CLIFFORD's † charms th' ignoble lyre.
 But not that arm which shook each hostile state ;—
 That sword, resistless as the blow of Fate ;
 From jealous Rage could save this lovely flower,
 And stay vindictive ELEONORA's power : 90
 Frail beauty falls—the king dissolves in tears,
 And mourns the burden of the crown he wears.

* He translated *BOETHIUS de Consolatione Philosophie* at this place, and about the same time founded the University of OXFORD.

† Who has not heard of HENRY and Rosamond, the beautiful but unfortunate daughter of Lord de Clifford ! No traces of her bower or labyrinth are to be seen.—The spring that must have supplied her bath, still bears her name, and is truly

“ Health to the Sick, and solace to the Swain.”

Ill-fated

Ill-fated fair ! by HENRY led astray,
 And taught to tread Seduction's thorny way ;
 Lur'd from parental arms, ere Prudence' call 95
 Fix'd Virtue's wish, or pictur'd Vice's fall ;
 Immur'd by Love, in solitary bowers,
 And doom'd to wither like the desert flowers !
 Oft as the Muse, when evening shades prevail,
 And balmy fragrance loads the passing gale, 100
 With studious steps thy once lov'd haunts surveys,
 Thy tragic fate excites her moral lays ;
 Compassion's veil conceals Pollution's stain,
 And Pity's tear bedews thy guilty reign.

And can the Muse, as through the mist of years 105
 Time's lengthen'd vista to her view appears,
 Forget to strew an EDWARD'S * honour'd herse
 With the small tribute of a plausive verse ;
 Forget the Prince's worth, the Hero's fire,
 Nor wake to patriot warmth the tuneful lyre ?

Illustrious EDWARD ! on thy natal hour,
 With partial aspects shone each heavenly power :

* EDWARD the Black Prince, born at Woodstock, and who is said

PEACE from her olive throne triumphant sung,
 And fierce BELLONA many a pæan rung;
 The gentle Arts with approbation smil'd, 115
 And War's wild offspring hail'd their favourite child.

O, fitted, or to shine in martial pride,
 When hostile legions press on every side;
 Or give to Science all her native charms,
 And conquer MINDS by Reason's nobler arms! 120
 Fain would the Muse a lasting wreath entwine,
 To deck with vivid bloom thy brow divine:
 Fain would she sing of POICTIERS' tented field,
 And with the Lily grace thy sable shield;
 But NATURE's charms recall her wild career, 125
 And fix her, ardent, to a meeter sphere.

What hosts of heroes, lost in whelming Time,
 Have grac'd thy margin, soft meandering GLYME*!

to have once occupied the author's present residence, from that circumstance called *Prince's Place* in ancient records.

* The river that divides Old from New Woodstock, and flows through BLENHEIM Park.

What

What trains of beauties, on thy willow'd side,
Have tripp'd the velvet lawn in virgin pride ! 130

What splendid rolls of kings and queens appear,
Who once shed kindest, brightest lustre here !

What tuneful lays entranc'd the listening swain,

What shouts of joy made vocal all the plain ;

When shone the court in all the blaze of state, 135

And Pleasure smil'd upon the regal feat ;

When every wish with every joy was crown'd,

And hovering Cupids spread their wings around !

Yet cannot Birth, or Fortune's powerful claim,

Beauty's fair form, or Virtue's heavenly flame, 140

From Life's fell cares their lov'd possessors free ;

Else, why, ELIZA *, frown'd the Fates on thee ?

Why dropp'd the tear, as from the lattice seen,

The rural maiden, finging, cross'd the green ?

* Queen ELIZABETH, imprisoned here by her cruel sister MARY
—She was afterwards a bountiful benefactor to the borough of
Woodstock.—See a poetical description of the circumstance here al-
luded to, in SHENSTONE'S Works.

But

But that you felt the crime of being great, 145
And grac'd a prifon, ere you rul'd a ftate !

Thofe fcenes are vanish'd—fcarce a trace remains,
And fcarce one veftige Nature's face retains.
Oblivion broods upon the levell'd lawn,
And fly the tints by Hiftory's pencil drawn. 150
The turf-grown Palace fhews no antique tower ;
Nor wail the Loves in ROSAMONDA'S Bower :
A SPRING alone preserves her ill-ftarr'd name,
Recalls her beauty, and confirms her fhame ;—
Thus ARETHUSA rolls recording waves, 155
And where fhe fhone, the peaceful precincts laves.

But let not Fancy droop, or Genius grieve,
That ancient fcenes no bold impreffion leave.
Tho' ALBION'S kings relinquifh WOODSTOCK'S fhades,
Their partial prefence ftill our fpirits glads ; 160
And GEORGE and CHARLOTTE, brighteft, happieft pair !
Have own'd the magic of thefe objects fair :—
Have felt the charm of Beauty link'd with Tafte ;
And Worth congenial to their own embrac'd *.

* Alluding to the Royal Vifit in 1786.

Lift the rapt eye ! see stately **BLENHEIM** rise, 165
 And point sublime her turrets to the skies.
 Imperial **BLENHEIM** ! in whose ample round,
 United strength and majesty are found ;
 At once the monument of arms and arts,
 The Hero's meed, the pledge of **BRITISH** hearts ; 170
 Till Time's remotest stage, design'd to prove,
 A **CHURCHILL**'s valour and a Nation's love.

What splendid columns shine in massy rows,
 With how much art the chisel's labour glows !
 What dædal skill in every part appears, 175
 While **ARCHITECTURE**, pleas'd, her head uprears,
 And boasts the vigour of a **VANBRUGH**'s mind,
 As **ANNA**'s bounty, vast, and unconfin'd !

And could my Verse pourtray each work of taste,
 With the same charms their beauties fire my breast, 180
 Attention, rapt, would listen to my song,
 And Time's last voice the living notes prolong :
 But who can count the dew-drops on the spray,
 Or twinkling lights that strew the Milky Way ?

Who can embrace all Science' sacred lore, 185
Unlock her springs, and rifle all her store ?

Here PAINTING shews the wonders of her art,
Gains on the sense, and captivates the heart ;
From mimic Pencils new creations rise,
Start into life, and wear its native dyes ; 190
Bold as the form PROMETHEUS taught to move,
When Heaven's dread lightning he withdrew from JOVE.
Hail, ye great Artists ! whose enchanting skill
Can mould the Passions, and controul the Will ;

Not to the Eye your labours are addrest,— 195
They boast an influence o'er the ductile Breast ;
For while, entranc'd, each happy touch we view,
The MORAL SENSE becomes reform'd by you ;
Beauty and Order, Harmony and Ease,
Unite to polish, as they tend to please. 200

Here BRUSSELS' looms their boasted skill display,
And tapestry armies stand in long array *.

* The Duke of Marlborough's Battles, &c, are pourtrayed on the
tapestry hangings of some of the apartments.

The vivid tints with War's dread horrors burn :
 Here, Grief and Shame ; there, Rage and Fury turn ;
 The lengthen'd march, the ramparts rise to fight, 205
 And all the kindling glories of the fight.

Warm'd into life, immortal CHURCHILL glows,
 And deals destruction on BRITANNIA's foes ;
 The patriot ardour glistens in his face ;—
 Fair ALBION's sons display their native grace ; 210
 While humbled FRANCE a deadly pale o'er shades,
 Dim rise her Chiefs, her meteor splendour fades :—
 TALLARD a captive—numbers find a grave,
 And numbers sink beneath the ISTRIAN wave.
 Her monarch's bust * with emblems compass'd round, 215
 From Tournay torn, is rais'd on BRITISH ground ;
 A glorious trophy to the victor's fame,—
 A lasting record of the GALLIC shame,

* The bust of Louis XIV. taken from the gates of Tournay, is erected over the South Portico of Blenheim, with this inscription on the Pediment :

EUROPÆ HÆC VINDEX GENIO DECORA ALTA BRITANNO.

See,

See, where the sedgey GLYME inglorious stray'd,
 The spacious lake extend, the white cascade ! 220
 See bold RIALTOS verdant hills conjoin,
 And chasten'd Taste confirm each fair design !
 See waving woods their aged arms display,
 And quivering sun-beams shed a partial day ;
 Long vistas shooting from the wondering eyes, 225
 And bloom perennial pour unnumber'd dyes !
 See flower-crown'd FLORA spread her lucid train,
 And give to BEAUTY all the smiling plain ;
 While sylvan PAN, amid the shady trees,
 Joins in the concert with the swelling breeze. 230

Elysian Scene ! by noble SPENCER lov'd,
 Whose taste completes what Nature had approv'd.
 By him, yon groves the ruffet slopes adorn,
 That catch the golden tinge of early morn ;
 By him, the blossom'd shrub, the blooming flower, 235
 From blended sweets reviving incense pour ;
 By him, the crystal lake is taught to stray,
 Where yielding vallies point a ready way ;

By

By him, the rough cascade, with deafening roar,
 To liquid elements describes a shore ; 240
 While winds the whiten'd wave through flowery meads,
 And silver swans disport among the reeds.

Illustrious Name ! to every virtue dear,
 Whom all the good must love, the bad revere :
 Unwarp'd by Grandeur's soft, seductive lure, 245
 And arm'd by Reason, from her arts secure ;
 For once, from wild Caprice, kind Fortune free,
 Showers down her choicest gifts, unblam'd, on thee.
 'Tis not thy titles that command our love,
 'Tis not thy splendour that the wise approve ; 250
 But 'tis thy native worth, thy noble mind,
 That glows with charity for all mankind !

Wealth, power, and titles—pageants of a day,
 Ungrac'd with merit, shed a feeble ray.
 Soon sinks the fame, not rais'd on true desert, 255
 And all the praise, that lives not in the heart ;
 Soon sinks the pride from ancestry that flows :—
 The splendid villains are but public shows ;

Awhile they blaze, and catch the simple eye,
 Then melt in air, like meteors in the sky ! 260
 Not thus Nobility with Worth conjoin'd,
 Its lustre spreads, and leaves a track behind.
 The gifts of Fortune in a good man's power,
 Are but the friendless wretch's certain dower ;
 They raise the languid, wipe Affliction's tear— 265
 Such, noble MARLBOROUGH ! shine thy bounties here.

Thrice happy Man ! whom rural honours please,
 The charms of Science, and the sweets of Ease.
 Blest with a RUSSEL's love, in whom combine
 The splendid virtues of her noble line ; 270
 Blest with an offspring, lovely as the day
 That opes the rosy morn of gentle May ;
 You hear, unmov'd, Ambition's founding call,
 Mark her steep progress, and avoid her fall :
 State's gilded trappings to the vain you leave, 275
 Nor court the plaudits which the bold receive ;—
 The truest patriot in the man is seen,—
 From each extreme you keep the golden mean.

With

With Genius warm'd, with Independence blest,
 Yours are the joys which Virtue loves to taste; 280
 The close-drawn ties, the Friend, the Father knows,
 The heartfelt bliss from mutual love that flows;
 The generous glow Benevolence awakes,
 When cherish'd Merit bleffes, and partakes.

The ardent sun now pours meridian heat, 285
 To leafy coverts panting herds retreat;
 The rural train frequent the crystal spring,
 Or, fann'd by Zephyrs, in the cool shade sing;
 While near yon portal, whose triumphal round
 Opes the sweet prospects of Elysian ground, 290
 With raptur'd eye, I take my silent stand,
 To paint the glowing view on every hand.

Full in the front, the palace towers sublime,
 And mocks the ravages of wreckful Time:
 Its gilded orbs reflect APOLLO's ray, 295
 And shed abroad an artificial day;
 Low at its feet, the verdant carpet lies,
 Shrubs, trees, and flowers, in fair confusion rise;

While hovering Genii consecrate the ground,
And spread protecting influence around. 300

There winds the lake through deep embosom'd vales,
Whence winged Zephyr draws refreshing gales.

And lo ! sublime, th' aerial column shews,
How CHURCHILL conquer'd, and how sunk his foes.

The Roman Eagles at his feet dispread, 305

Tell how GERMANIA owns his saving aid :

The long inscriptions dignify his name,

And rouse BRITANNIA's sons to emulate his fame.

Immortal Chief ! of Albion's isle the pride,
By martial deeds to greatest names allied, 310

Renown'd for valour, as for mercy lov'd,

The highest pitch of human bliss you prov'd ;

Gain'd the fair meed, without the conscious stain,

And wore the laurel, unalloyed with pain.

Unlike those pests, who fought for fame alone, 315

To slave a nation, or to mount a throne ;

You drew the sword, the injur'd to defend,

To aid the helpless, and the proud to bend.

Be this your fame—nor could the favouring Nine
Grace with a praise, more noble, more divine. 320

Here WOODSTOCK, erst amid the sylvan scene *,
Lifts her high brow, and, happy, smiles serene :
WOODSTOCK, belov'd by DIAN's huntress train,
What time those shades confess'd the Goddess' reign.
Oft on this bank the weary Power repos'd, 325
Oft to the stream her virgin limbs disclos'd ;
Around their queen the duteous nymphs rejoice,
Mark her keen eye, and watch her favouring voice ;
Attend the summons, join the rapid chace,
And bear their spoils triumphant to this place. 330
Among the rest, fair GALATEA shone,
Whom DIAN honour'd with the vestal zone.
Her, midst the woods, in early childhood lost,
The goddess found, and cherish'd in her host ;
The graceful quiver deck'd her youthful side, 335
Her snowy hands the feather'd shafts supply'd.

* It was formerly within the limits of Whichwood Forest.

First in the chace, unrivall'd in the dance,
 Skill'd or to sing, or dart the quivering lance;
 From fairest nymphs she bore away the prize,
 And wak'd pale Envy in the brightest eyes. 340

To rooted Malice, pining Envy turns,
 With fell revenge each sickening bosom burns;
 Each look was watch'd, each word explain'd away,
 And foul-mouth'd Slander stain'd her brightest day.
 Inventive SCANDAL tells her soothing tale, 345

Imputed crimes DIANA's ears assail;
 But still the goddess heard the tale with scorn,
 And still fresh wreaths her favourite's brows adorn.

It chanc'd, one day, the chace was long and hot,
 Each nymph was tir'd, and sought the cooling grot; 350
 DIANA ey'd them with a parent's care,
 Alone her best-lov'd maid was wanting there.
 A cruel smile now plays on every face,
 And buzzing Scandal fills the sacred place:
 This feigns, whom GALATEA stray'd to meet;— 355
 That, lays an ardent lover at her feet;—

Another

Another dwells on every deed of shame,
 And points to views which virgins should not name.
 All urge their suit—the fair is doom'd to fall,
 Should Disobedience wait DIANA's call. 360

The winding horn alarm'd the forest round,
 No voice responsive echo'd to the sound—
 A furious boar she urg'd with fatal zeal,
 And chas'd him, foaming, with resistless steel;
 Far from the usual haunts she eager stray'd, 365
 Nor heard the summons of the DELIAN maid.
 Repentment, quick, usurps the place of love,
 And thrice DIANA swore, by Stygian JOVE,
 To pour down vengeance on the wandering fair,
 And blast her, heedless, in her wild career. 370
 The goddess spoke—her great revenge decrees—
 Each eye beams pleasure, and each voice agrees.

Transform'd to ECHO *, GALATEA mourns,
 And still with fruitless care the call returns.

* The ECHO in Blenheim Park has from the time of PLOTT been the subject of philosophic attention; it cannot therefore be improper to introduce it here as a poetic Episode.

Deep in yon hill, the pining virgin dwells, 375
 And floods with ceaseless tears her darksome cells;
 But, doom'd by DIAN's wrath, her vocal tongue
 Paints the gay pleasures of the sportive young;
 Dwells on the joys her fate forbids to taste,
 Or sooths with kindred voice the wretch's breast. 380
 Oft, too, the shepherd tries her mimic powers,
 When fable night unfolds its tranquil hours;
 And oft, the stranger starts, and wildly hears
 Her frequent murmurs vibrate on his ears.

Now from the lake the cooling breezes play; 385
 The lengthening shadows speak declining day;
 A milder glory decks the crimson'd groves,
 And paints the scene that Contemplation loves.
 From daily toil returns the happy hind,
 Peace in his eye, composure in his mind, 390
 Content with Fortune's parsimonious store,
 And wise, in ignorance, to ask no more.
 The wheeling bat now trims her leather wings;
 Lov'd PHILOMELA tunes her voice and sings:

A mute attention waits her melting strain, 395

And sweetest rivals own their art is vain.

The scene invites—fresh beauties yet in view,

Bid me, enraptur'd, still my theme pursue.

Through winding paths I gain the realms of flowers,

Where Art and Nature boast their blended powers ;

Where MARLBRO' seeks to shun the sultry heat,

And wooes fair Science to his soft retreat ;

Where all the Loves in SPENCERS turn their eyes,

Crop the fresh bud, or mark its opening dyes ;

Midst gayest sweets the vacant hours beguile, 405

And rob and rival FLORA's richest spoil.

Bring every flower from Truth's perennial bed,

To weave a crown for CAROLINA's * head :

Depict each virtue beaming from her eye,

Fond love, firm faith, and mild complacency ; 410

Let every grace and every charm be seen,

All that we love in BRITAIN's sacred Queen :

* Duchess of Marlborough.

All that in CHARLOTTE can delight, endear,
Then shall each heart confess the likeness here.

Onward I pass—the white cascade appears, 415
The sound of waters rushes on mine ears :
Down the steep fall devolve the foaming tides,
Unfading verdure clothes th' aspiring fides.
Emblem of life ! where waves on waves arise,
While HOPE looks up, and views serener skies ; 420
Where still the troublous sea incessant roars,
And still HOPE flatters, as we eye the shores.

Happy the man ! to whom the breath of Heaven
A well-tun'd soul—a temper'd mind has given.
Happy the man ! whose sentimental breast 425
To every blessing gives a higher zest ;
On every charm a brighter lustre throws,
And adds new sweetness to the damask rose.
He from each object draws some healing balm,—
From each fair scene some antidote to calm ; 430
Finds ART and NATURE in their every guise,
Fraught with attractions to enchant his eyes ;

Enjoys

Enjoys the treasures that the rich possess,
And makes their splendor minister to bless.

Such be my mind ! Alas, my prayer is vain : 435
I feel the good,—but still recur to pain.
No envy wastes me for another's wealth,
His fame, his fortune, happiness, or health ;
No fordid passions o'er my soul prevail,
Yet Bliss abjures to waft me on its gale. 440

For I have known the ills that life molest,
The frame too tender,—the too feeling breast ;—
The sense too nice,—the warm ingenuous glow
That spurns at vice, yet pants to heal its woe :
For I have known the fondest, dearest ties 445
Torn from my heart, and ravish'd from my eyes ;
In sorrow sunk, hung o'er my children's grave,
And wail'd whom PROVIDENCE refus'd to save.

Yon noble fountain *, in the valley plac'd,
Allures my steps, and speaks ITALIA's taste. 450

There

* The last work of BERNINI, and a copy from the magnificent
fountain

There River-gods, reclin'd at ease, explore
 A scene more lovely than their native shore ;
 Confess HESPERIA boasts no charms that vie
 With the bright landscapes which around them lie.
 Long had this fabric press'd th' inglorious ground, 455
 Each beauteous sculpture felt of Time the wound,
 The mangled Figures prov'd the vulgar scorn,
 Toss'd into corners, useless and forlorn.
 Great SPENCER saw—he bade the pile ascend,
 Each part resume its office and its end ; 460
 The marble gods enjoy their destin'd seat ;
 The spacious basin open at their feet.
 Now the grand whole the eyes of Taste detains,
 And one more beauty decorates these plains.
 With hasty step I quit the vale below, 465
 And gain the LODGE that crowns the mountain's brow,

fountain in the Piazza Navona at Rome ; it was a present from the
 Spanish Ambassador at the Papal Court to the first Duke of Marl-
 borough, but has only been recently erected.

Where

Where dying WILMOT * caught Religion's flame,
 And breath'd contrition for a life of shame ;
 Condemn'd his wit, revok'd his follies past,
 And fix'd his anchor on the skies at last. 470
 Enchanting site ! Hence every rural sweet,
 And every natural charm, delight to meet.
 Hence, to the eye, the landscape opens wide ;
 The dancing spirits roll a quicker tide.
 Around new objects prompt th' excursive lay ; 475
 The gently winding stream, the meadow gay ;
 The smiling village, sunk in leafy shades,
 That just unfolds its low roofs through the glades ;
 The splendid seat, the tower, the shining spire,
 And hills that catch the sun's departing fire ; 480
 The sylvan scene, where erst, in fairer days,
 To NATURE's charms I pour'd the heartfelt lays † :

* The Earl of Rochester, who died at the High Lodge, a sincere penitent.

† See Ode to Nature, written in Whichwood Forest.

OXONIA's fanes, of every Art the feat,
 Of every Muse the lov'd, the blest retreat ;
 Where worth and learning in a BATHURST's* mind 485
 With kindest manners, noblest sense are join'd :
 Where tuneful WARTON † these weak warblings hears,
 Nor lends to decent strains fastidious ears.

The grateful heart to SMITH ‡ with ardour turns,
 For whom affection undiminish'd burns, 490
 Friend of my health, and patron first rever'd,
 And still by kindness as concern endear'd.

O may fair SCIENCE in these precincts smile,
 And shed her lustre o'er this happy isle :
 To guard the laws, religion's flame maintain, 495
 Still may worth issue from her fostering reign.
 Rais'd as a barrier 'gainst th' insidious Band,
 Here may the Christian chieftains take their stand ;

* Canon of Christ Church.

† The late most amiable and lamented Poet Laureate.

‡ John Smith, M. D. Savilian Professor of Geometry.

Repel the arrows of the threat'ning foe,
 And bring the champions of confusion low. 500
 For atheists dark, and irreligion loose,
 Pour pointleſs wit, or ſeaſon rank abuſe ;
 Dare the dread SOVEREIGN in his high abode,
 And mock the vengeance of a jealous God.
 And worſe than they—a train, with learning blind, 505
 Would ſcan OMNISCIENCE, and explore his mind ;
 From Scripture move th' authenticating ſeal,
 And wreſt its maxims to their partial zeal ;
 Find a new track, abjure the faithful guide,
 And ruſh on heaven with arrogance and pride. 510
 But tir'd the Muſe, ſhe droops her vagrant wing,
 Nor dares on themes of high import to ſing ;
 Content to ſkim the ſcene with haſtening eye,
 Which future bards ſhall equal to the ſky ;
 With happier verſe ſecure eternal fame, 515
 When loſt, perhaps, my numbers and my name.

Repet the arrow of the line, 200

And bring the arrow of the line, 200

For a little time, and then, 200

Four points are the line, 200

Four points are the line, 200

And make the line, 200

And make the line, 200

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ELEGIES.

2

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ELEGY I.

To the Memory of

Capt. JAMES KING*, LL.D. F.R.S.

NEC QUIDQUAM TIBI PRODEST
AERIAS TENTASSE DOMOS, ANIMOQUE ROTUNDUM
PERCURRISSE POLUM, MORITURO.

HOR.

FIERCE Eurus howls ! the mountain billows rise,
And dash indignant on the rocky shore ;
Before the storm the fear-struck failor flies,
Or leans incumbent o'er his uselefs oar.

* This amiable and distinguished naval officer, the friend and coadjutor of Captain Cook, and joint astronomer and continuator of his last voyage, died at NICE in the autumn of 1784, universally respected and regretted.

The lofty pine, the growth of many a year,
 Bends like the osier with the rapid blast;
 Exulting Horror drives in wild career,
 And trembling Nature seems to dread her last.

'Tis dark, and dismal, as Cimmerian night!
 No silver-star unfolds its twinkling ray;
 And shrouded Cynthia veils her gentle light,
 While only meteors shoot athwart the way.

No music floats along the troublous sky,—
 No joyous sounds the sombre scene relieve;
 But night-owls scream from yonder turret high,
 And deep in Fancy's ear they seem to grieve.

This scene is suited to my pensive mind;
 I smile on horrors, and enjoy the storm:
 In every face congenial gloom I find,
 And terror stamps her image on each form.

But who is this, of more than mortal race,
 That throws a radiant lustre all around,
 While tears obscure the beauties of her face,
 As low she lays her honours on the ground ?

'Tis Britain's GENIUS, with inverted spear,
 Stripp'd of her plumes, her trophies, and her shield,
 Deep drown'd in anguish for a son so dear,
 Too early doom'd to quit bright Glory's field.

Illustrious KING ! and would no pitying Power
 Avert distemper, and prolong thy breath ?
 Thy virtues blossom'd for a short-liv'd hour ;
 And soon, too soon, they felt the chill of death.

Ah ! what avails it that, with dauntless breast,
 Thou durst remotest seas and foils explore ;
 At Glory's call, still fled'st the fyren Rest,
 And civic honours on thy native shore ?

Ah! what avail thy Country's ardent love,
The smile of Grandeur, and the breath of Fame?
Can these Disease's pallid hand remove,
And renovate the toil-consumed frame?

Can Virtue free her votaries from the grave,
And gain exemption from terrestrial woe?
Can Bravery, Honour, Taste, or Genius save,
And turn aside th' inevitable blow?

No!—could these plead, and length of days ensue,
Late would our tears for thee, O KING! been shed;
And long, from sublunary ills secure,
Soft Peace and Pleasure flutter'd round thy head.

Alas! in vain we fix on earthly bliss,
Lay the foundation, and begin the pile;
We grasp a shadow, and the substance miss,
And Disappointment mocks our ardent toil.

Youth's

Youth's fairy prospects, Age's latest care,—

The cup of Pleasure,—and the store of Gold ;
Drop like the foliage in autumnal air,
And prove how weak and impotent our hold.

Rous'd by Ambition's animating call,

The thirst of Glory, and the love of Praise,
The dauntless breast no dangers can appal,
Where Fame in prospect promises the bays.

In Arts, and Arms, to win th' unrivall'd prize,
How strong the wish, how noble is the pride,
“ To read our history in a nation's eyes,”
And hear applauses pour on every side !

But say, ye noble, ye heroic few,
To Glory wedded from your tender years ;
Does never Fortune cloud the charming view,
And prove that Life is but a vale of tears ?

Does never Hope, that prompts the arduous deed,
 Resign her place to comfortless Despair?

Does never Chance deny the well-earn'd meed,
 And weave a wreath of anguish and of care?

But grant that Merit met an equal crown,
 That Virtue led to Glory's splendid fane;
 Say, can you call the fairest gifts your own,
 And find an antidote for mortal pain?

Fate gives the word! Disease unnerves the frame;
 Nor can its laurels ease the aching head,
 Abate Consumption's slow-devouring flame,
 And close the passage to the silent dead.

With KING, what rich endowments sink in dust!
 Virtue's warm wish, and Conduct's active fire:
 And shall BRITANNIA raise no living bust;
 But suffer worth, unnotic'd, to expire?

Shall they whose arts exalt their country's fame,
 Increase her commerce, and extend her reign,
 Find no memorial to preserve their name,
 Save the sad history of their toils and pain ?

Forbid it, Gratitude ! forbid it, Truth !
 See Strangers honour, and see Aliens mourn ;
 Pour their deep wailings o'er departed youth,
 And bathe with many a tear the hallow'd urn.

Yet know, when Sculpture shall neglected fall,
 The storied arch in pompous ruins lie ;
 And Desolation, o'er the tottering wall,
 Shake her black pinions, and prepare to fly ;

Thy merits, KING ! in fairest tints shall live,
 Thy gen'rous friendship melt soft Pity's breast,
 The flight of ages fresher honours give,
 Nor admiration feel its source repress.

Link'd

Link'd with thy Cook, thy name shall glide along;—

Alas, too soon united in the grave!

Thought, busy Thought, still prompts the plaintive song;

And Fancy saddens at the fame she gave.

And come, ye natives of PACIFIC Isles,

By venturous BRITONS first disclos'd to view;

Cease from the dance, and intermit your toils,

Nor AVA's * bowl, nor social feast, pursue.

TABOO † your shores! the solemn rites prepare;

Your more than mortals now in dust lie low!

The typic offerings to the MORAI bear,

And melt in all the luxury of woe.

TABOO your shores! the Chiefs of BRITISH race,

Mild, generous, good, and friends to human kind,

No more your solitary coasts shall grace,

Nor pour instruction o'er the simple mind.

* A favourite beverage. See Cook's Voyages.

† See the funeral ceremonies of the natives of the South Seas, as delineated in Cook's Voyages.

Know,

Know, COOK, and CLERKE, and KING, inhumed lie,
In different regions, far from Britain's shore :
Your shrieks be heard, tears gush from either eye,
Your Friends, your Patrons, are, alas ! no more.

Ye OTAHEITEAN maids, your bosoms beat ;
Express your grief by every tender art :
But let no blood fall trickling to your feet ;
Affliction's empire's seated in the heart.

Alas ! unconscious of your Patron's fate,
The dance goes round, the merry damsels sing ;
And still, at early morn, and evening late,
The frolic Pleasures sport in airy ring.

Yet oft your eyes shall stretch o'er Ocean's bed,
To watch the wind that brings th' expectant sail ;
And oft, by fogs and fancied forms misled,
Forgetful Friends, and needful Aids, bewail,

Ah !

Ah, me ! those Friends, translated to the sky,
 And far remov'd from sublunary care,
 On scenes once lov'd may turn a placid eye ;
 But ne'er can grant the object of your prayer.

And, lo ! Heaven's portals open to my sight,
 A flood of glory darts from either pole ;
 Celestial splendors shed profusive light,
 And loud, and oft, the pealing thunders roll.

And, hark ! a voice melodious strikes my ears—
 ' Restrain your tears, repress the heaving sigh ;
 ' Nor measure glory by the length of years;
 ' Nor think the good can prematurely die !

' Releas'd from bondage, can the Slave complain ;
 ' And, rais'd to honour, can a Mortal grieve :
 ' The Wretched brood with pleasure o'er their pain ;
 ' Or sentenc'd Guilt disdain the kind reprieve ?

' In

- ‘ In Heaven, alone, is happiness complete,
- ‘ Unmingled pleasure, and eternal fame :
- ‘ Here sacred Virtue finds her proper seat,
- ‘ And purest honours deck the spotless name !’

ELEGY II.*

On the lamented Death of

JOHN PARSONS, M. D. OF OXFORD.

MDCCLXXXV.

WHAT groans from Isis' classic shore,
In deepen'd dirge, invade mine ear?
Does Genius mourn its ill-farr'd lore,
And, fighting, drop the lucid tear?

Amid those seats where attic Taste
And Science shine in native charms,
Can cares intrude, to wound the breast
That every sacred study warms?

* This was set to music by Mr. B. Wheeler.

Where

Where Muses haunt the hallow'd bowers,
 And twine the wreath to WARTON's fame,
 Can Sorrow spend its flow-pac'd hours,
 And Fortune play her fickle game ?

Alas ! not all the Virtues join'd,
 Nor all the stores that Genius shews,
 Can make the Destinies prove kind,
 Or charm away Life's varied woes.

Resistless Fate, with reckless might,
 Sweeps Nature to one common grave ;
 And, whelm'd in Death's Cimmerian night,
 Sink down the wise, the learn'd, the brave.

Those sighs that wake the plaintive strain,
 Those groans from Isis' letter'd shore,
 In feeling terms tell, Life is vain,
 Since skilful PARSONS is no more.

Endow'd

Endow'd with all Apollo's art,
 Disease and pain before him fled ;
 Reluctant Death withdrew his dart,
 And Misery rais'd her aching head.

But not Apollo's tender care
 Could save his favourite from the tomb ;
 The healing Powers, in wild despair,
 Beheld him meet an early doom.

Lamented PARSONS ! in thy fate
 The feeling Muse forgets her own ;
 Joins the slow funeral's solemn state,
 And with a Nation blends her moan.

ELEGY III.

PRINCE'S PLACE.

Addressed to the young Gentlemen at the Academy, Woodstock,

MDCCLXXXII.

A R G U M E N T.

Edward the Black Prince, one of the most illustrious warriors the English nation ever produced, is said to have occupied the site where the Academy now stands; which from that circumstance, in ancient records, obtains the name of PRINCE'S PLACE. This change of possessors is considered; and reflections arising from a view of the calamities of war, are urged as dissuatives from its practice, and as incentives to the arts of peace.

HOW chang'd the scene!—thus musing Fancy sung,
As yon white Villa caught my raptur'd view,
Where oft to EDWARD's fame the pæan rung,
For here, the breath of martial fire he drew.

E

Now

Now classic studies warm ingenuous minds,
And Science spreads her beauties to the eye ;
The olive branch pacific temples binds,
And laurel wreaths resign their place, and die.

The warrior's voice is only heard in verse,
The glowing record of the rage of arms ;
Yet Contemplation oft attends the herse,
Where EDWARD soon repos'd from rude alarms.

Yet Time's long vista op'ning to my sight,
And Fancy kindling at the hero's fame,
Oft sooth my bosom with a sad delight,
And prompt the Muse to celebrate his name.

In dread array associate champions rise,
Their burnish'd arms reflect the golden day ;
Indignant courage flows from patriot eyes,
And haughty FRANCE shrinks back in wild dismay.

The

The gallant hosts on POICTIERS' tented field,

Resistless pour the thunder of the war ;

The lilies droop, the thick battalions yield,

And heaps of carnage clog the victor's car.

At scenes like those, each youth shall learn to glow,

And catch contagion from the hero's fire ;

Each little arm with warmth more nervous grow,

And ev'ry heart beat high with martial ire.

For BRITAIN's weal the virtuous wish shall rise,

And Fancy hurl defiance on her foes ;—

And sounds of terror float along the skies,

Till all th' ideal fight in victory close.—

But ah ! dear youths, this noble ardour rein !

Though blest'd the passion of your country's love,

Though BRITAIN's Genius woo you to the plain,

And loud acclaims the hero's deeds approve.

Paint to your minds the deep enfanguin'd line,
 The plumes, the trophies, and the pomp of fight;
 With deathless wreaths the warrior's brow entwine,
 And sink extensive realms beneath his might.

Then let HUMANITY uplift her eyes,
 And sober REASON follow in the rear;
 And say, does aught attract the good or wise,
 But claims the tribute of Compassion's tear?

Here Defolation spreads her sombre wings,
 Where erst the power of cultivation smil'd;
 The widow, there, her hands in anguish wrings,
 To see a husband's face in gore defil'd.

The orphan's shrieks loud burst upon the ear,
 And many a doleful scream each gale conveys;—
 Ev'n Virtue trembles with a panic fear,
 And cease of innocence the sportive lays.

One horrid gloom envelops Nature's face,
One pallid visage wears each war-lorn form ;
Fades ev'ry beauty, flies each smiling grace,
Swift as the warbler from the bursting storm.

And can your hearts endure this direful scene ?
And can your eyes refrain to overflow ?
Ah ! never, never let the godlike mien
Wear features callous to the sight of woe !

When years shall place you on Life's busy stage,
And ardent Hope with flow'rs the prospect strew ;
Regard these maxims, glean'd in early age,
And from delusive bliss avert your view.

In peaceful arts, O ! may the youth I love,
Spend the long tenor of their happy days ;
And smit with SCIENCE, seek the silent grove,
Or court the MUSES in immortal lays !

Adown the stream of time glide gently on,
 Nor listen to Ambition's founding voice ;
 Nor prostrate Reason from her mental throne,
 And drown her whispers in tumultuous joys.

Or if by fate, or choice, to Business led,
 And doom'd to move in Trade's contracted sphere ;
 With steady steps the paths of honour tread,
 And fame and riches shall attend you here.

Or beats your breast to view each foreign land,
 And spread the sail of commerce o'er the main ;
 Where happy climes, and temperate seasons bland,
 With native plenty deck the untill'd plain—

Go ! and attend to Virtue's sacred call ;
 Through boundless space the deity presides ;
 And neither cares distress, nor fears appal,
 The hallow'd breast that conscious virtue guides.

But

But shun, O shun ! the crimson'd blush of Shame,
And baneful Pleasure's soft bewitching lure ;
With fervent zeal preserve untainted fame,
Of heav'n the favour, and the conscience pure.

With noble soul disdain the partial view,
The social ties that link mankind revere :
To love, to honour, and to friendship true,
Their holy dictates hold for ever dear.

With pity's drop bedew affliction's smart,
With lenient hand the pangs of misery heal ;
To mild benevolence resign your heart,
And learn the sacred luxury—to feel.

For know, unfriended, many a virtue weeps,
In deep sequester'd solitude forlorn ;
And many an eye unceasing vigils keeps,
Whose cherish'd brightness might eclipse the morn.

These, all have claims upon the favour'd few,
 Whom fortune visits with a partial ray;
 These, all in grief's expressive language sue,—
 O! hear their plaints, and wipe their tears away.

So shall your hearts the sacred pleasures taste,
 That flow from Charity's expanded reign;
 And gentlest transports revel in your breast,
 To blunt the edge of sublunary pain.

So shall your days through varied life be blest'd,
 And smiling Peace your guiltless steps surround;
 The soul repose in present good possess'd,
 And, time no more, with boundless joy be crown'd.

Thus shall my verse be in your weal repaid;
 My humble name the grateful heart will save;
 And when the muse who lov'd, in dust is laid,
 The tear, fresh-starting, shall bedew his grave.

O'er the low tomb, inscrib'd with honest lays,
The tutor'd youth shall often love to bend;
And with a sigh pronounce this artless praise,
" Here lies my guardian, counsellor, and friend !"

ELEGY IV.

DAMON AND DELIA,

A PASTORAL.

BENEATH the shade of waving beech

The love-lorn Damon lay,

The warblers hush'd their tuneful throats,

The flocks forgot to play.

His pipe and crook were laid beside,—

The shepherds round him throng;—

With languid eyes he look'd around,

And thus began his song :

“ Ye fwains, who feed your snowy flocks

“ Where mazy WINDRUSH strays ;

“ And ye who love imperial THAMES,

“ Or Isis crown'd with bays !

“ With pity hear a shepherd's tale,

“ And heave a friendly sigh !

“ So shall the fod that greens my grave

“ With lighter preffure lie.

“ So may you meet a happier fate,

“ Nor feel a pang like me ;

“ So Venus hear your foft requests,

“ And fet her fuppliants free !

“ Once blefs'd as æther's painted tribes,

“ When balmy zephyrs play,

“ To reft I gave the flarry night,

“ To fong the funny day.

“ The

“ The various charms that Nature shew'd,

“ The flower, the shrub, the tree ;

“ The murmuring rill, the mossy bank,

“ Had sweets enough for me.

“ O had those sweets my wishes clos'd,

“ And bounded all my care,

“ I still had liv'd a happy swain,

“ For Nature still is fair !

“ But, ah ! one morning as I rose,

“ And brush'd the glittering dew,

“ To tend the ewes and bleating lambs,

“ Young DELIA caught my view.

“ The morn that saw creation's birth,

“ Than her was not more fair ;

“ Nor more serene the cloudless sky,

“ Or milder vernal air.

“ Nor

“ Nor brighter lustre decks the Pole,

“ Than sparkled from her eyes ;

“ Amaz’d I saw angelic charms ;

“ And stood in dumb surprise.

“ I saw and lov’d—bear witness, Heav’n !

“ With passion pure and strong ;—

“ And Love is eloquent in speech,

“ And smooths th’ untutor’d tongue.

“ In softest terms I told my flame,

“ She smil’d, and blush’d to hear ;

“ For innocence had all her heart,—

“ And that has nought to fear.

“ And shall I see my love, said I,

“ Next morning, near yon grove ?

“ Again a blush consent declar’d ;—

“ I thought that blush was love.

“ Nor

“ Nor envy me, ye blooming swains,—

“ That morn I met my fair ;

“ Heard passion falter on her lips,

“ And tremble in her air.

“ Nor blame, ye prudes, to censure prone,

“ Too soon she own'd her love ;

“ Or ye who flutter round the ring,

“ And with dissemblers rove.

“ Unlike her fortune, and her fate,

“ Unlike her guileless heart ;

“ She never wore the specious look,

“ Or language cloth'd with art !

“ And now each day came wing'd with joy,

“ All Nature shone more bright :

“ A gayer prospect form'd each scene,

“ For DELIA blest'd my fight.

“ And

“ And when the shades began to fall,

“ One evening, from the hills,

“ And shepherds penn’d their fleecy care,

“ And ceas’d the tinkling bells ;

“ On WINDRUSH banks I clasp’d my love,

“ And hung on every charm :

“ Our plighted faith bright Venus heard,

“ And vows with rapture warm.

“ And when next moon should fill her horns

“ With silver’s gentle light,

“ My DELIA vow’d to bless these arms,

“ In Hymen’s holy rite.

“ But, ah ! why bleeds my heart afresh ?

“ Why falls the recent tear ?

“ Before next moon had fill’d her horns,

“ She press’d the sable bier.

“ Her

“ Her dying lips I fondly kiss’d,
“ And caught her parting breath ;
“ Heard fainting Nature speak my name,
“ When every throb was death !—

“ Whelm’d in an agony of woe,
“ Long Reason lost her seat :
“ And oft I curs’d my ling’ring fate,
“ And long’d my fair to meet.

“ And oft my wavering fancy saw
“ Her rob’d in shining white ;
“ And oft I tried to burst through life,
“ To reach the fields of light.

“ Nor can the lapse of time assuage
“ The current of my grief ;
“ As lost for ever is my love,—
“ So lost be all relief.

“ And

“ And now I feel Death’s leaden hand

“ Arrest my vital tide ;

“ Nor half so bitter is the pang,

“ As when my DELIA dy’d.

“ But live, ye swains ! see happy days :—

“ For me this boon I crave ;

“ As Love had twin’d our hearts in one,—

“ So be the same our grave.

“ There let the year’s first violets blow,

“ And every month be spring ;

“ There let the shepherds love to rest,

“ And DELIA’s beauties sing.

“ There let the maiden make her moan,

“ When press’d with anxious fear !

“ But, O ! far gentler be their fate,

“ Who drop for us a tear !”

ELEGY V.

INGENUOUS LOVE.

THE genial Spring awakes the blooming flowers,
The birds, harmonious, carol through the trees ;
From vernal skies descend prolific showers,
And balmy odours wanton in the breeze.

One glowing charm invests all Nature's face,
And every lip seems soften'd with a smile :
Can nought the power of magic Love efface ?
Can nought the hours of absence sad beguile ?

Ah, no ! the larks that wake the early morn,
And sing their descant to the listening grove ;
And all the charms that Nature's face adorn,
Serve but to fix the vivid flame of love.

Ye happy birds ! ye blooming flowers ! I cry ;
 No cares torment you, and no fears alarm ;
 No fond REFLECTION prompts the heaving sigh,
 Nor REASON wakes the woes she cannot charm.

In love, in sunshine, and in zephyrs blest'd,
 You feel no pangs that Reason's lights bestow !
 In vain, alas ! are gifts by man possess'd,
 That only add a poignancy to woe !

Ere blushing stars shrink from the morning beam,
 Ere twinkling dew-drops glisten on the spray ;
 Thy charms, O DELIA ! weave my floating dream ;
 Thy image haunts me through the live-long day.

And when the moon with silver light ascends,
 To pour her radiance o'er the face of night,
 Thy lov'd illusion every step attends,
 And all thy beauties bloom before my sight.

And what, O DELIA ! must that heart endure,
 In absence doom'd to languish thus alone ;
 That feeds on hope—that dreads to be secure,
 Or have its destiny for ever known !

If ever love was written in your breast,
 If ever passion met your melting eyes ;
 Think what I feel can never be express'd—
 The wish that in the warm idea lies.

If ever story painted genuine love—
 Some shepherd sighing to the murmuring stream,
 Or waking Echo through the conscious grove,
 While peerless Beauty form'd his dulcet theme—

Such love is mine—a pure ingenuous flame !
 That scorns each mean, each mercenary view :
 For, may Fate frown for ever on my name,
 But all the Indies I'd exchange for you !

May Peace ne'er smile to cheer my matin hours,
Or social converse sweeten evening's shade ;
If, for the sceptre, and the regal power,
I'd lose a trifle by thy fingers made !

The wealth of empires to the voice of Love
Is weak—is worthless as the trodden weed ;
And they whose breast the gaudy treasures move,
Find Pleasure flies the sacrilegious deed.

Esteem and love no golden stores can buy ;
No honours win them, and no pomp allure ;
From vice, from folly, and from fraud they fly,
And haunt alone the bosom that is pure.

Did but thy love, O DELIA ! meet my vow ;
Did but thy tongue a mutual flame reveal ;
No richer boon could Heaven itself bestow,
Or fond affection higher raptures feel.

Inglorious laid amid sequester'd bowers,
 With you I'd wear the tenor of my days ;
 Nor languor dull should e'er invade the hours,
 That saw me blest, and heard my DELIA's praise,

 I'd teach blithe ECHO to repeat your name,
 And wake its sweet sound thro' the vocal grove ;
 Bid latest time bear witness to my flame,
 And prove that life is far too short for love !

ELEGY VI.

To L A U R A.

IF e'er these pensive lays detain your eye,
Where sorrow breathes its notes of native woe,
A moment pause!—and should you heave a sigh,
My tortur'd soul that grateful sigh will know.

Yet should a thought disturb my LAURA's breast,
My sympathetic heart must feel her care;
And with the stamp of pure regard imprest,
Alone, would wish that painful thought to bear.

Tinctur'd by you, my latest hours shall pass,
Like streams that lose their sweetness in the sea:
You are the sweet—but lost that sweet, alas!
And what remains but bitterness for me?

O be the bitter all my own—while you

Taste blifs on blifs !—the higheft transports prove ;

And live enroll'd among the happy few

That wear the crown of friendship and of love !

EPISTLES.

EPHRAIM

I.

MONITORY EPISTLE

TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

FROM WOODSTOCK'S bowers, and blest poetic shades,
Where love to sport the Heliconian maids ;
Where oft each grove has heard the tuneful lyre,
And every scene awakes the hallow'd fire ;
Receive these lays, like thee, all void of art, 5
Pure from the soul, and fervent from the heart.

Sweet, lovely girl ! my best, my dearest care,
As HEBE blooming, and as VENUS fair !
Thy tender years no artifice can know,
A heart like thine can fear no latent foe. 10
In every scene some smiling joy will rise,
And gayest prospects only, glad thine eyes ;

Delusive

Delusive dreams as real forms appear,

And sanguine wishes silence every fear :

And Innocence that knows itself no guile, 15

Will see a friend in every specious smile,

Catch fond belief from every glozing tongue,

And paint Delight for ever fair and young.

But know, my fair ! a thousand snares surround,

And every step you tread is dangerous ground ; 20

From open foes, and less from treacherous friends,

Ev'n Prudence scarce her votaries defends !

And Prudence comes by sound advice alone :

Then learn to make these maxims all your own.

First, think thy bloom will fade, those roses die, 25

And time obscure the brilliance of that eye ;

Thy winning grace will lose its power to charm,

Thy smile to vanquish, and thy form to warm :

The reign of Beauty, like the blooming flower,

Is but the pride and pageant of an hour ; 30

To-day its sweets perfume the ambient air,

To-morrow sees it shrunk, nor longer fair.

Then

Then let the MIND your noblest care engage ;
 Its beauties last beyond the flight of age :
 The mental charms protract each dying grace, 35
 And renovate the bloom that deck'd the beauteous face.

Let every virtue reign within thy breast,
 That Heaven approves, or makes its owner blest ;
 To candour, truth, and charity divine,
 The modest, decent, lovely virtues join ; 40
 Let wit, well-temper'd, meet with sense refin'd,
 And every thought express the polish'd mind :—
 A mind above the meanness of deceit ;
 Of honour pure—in conscious virtue great ;
 In every change that keeps one steady aim, 45
 And feels that joy and virtue are the same.
 And, O ! let Prudence o'er each thought preside,
 Direct in public, and in private guide ;
 Teach thee the snares of artifice to shun,
 And know—not feel, how others were undone : 50
 Teach thee to tell the flatterer from the friend,
 And those who love, from those who but pretend.

Ah !

Ah ! ne'er let flattery tempt you to believe ;
 For Man is false, and flatters to deceive ;
 Adores those charms his falsehood would distain, 55
 And laughs at confidence he strives to gain.

And if delight your bosom e'er would taste,
 O ! shun the vicious, dread the faithless breast !
 Infection breathes where'er they take their way,
 And weeping innocence becomes a prey : 60

The flightest blasts a female's bliss destroy,
 And taint the fountain of her purest joy ;
 Kill every blossom, overrun each flower,
 And wrest from beauty all its charming power.
 The dying bud shall burst to life again, 65

And herbs o'erspread the snow-invested plain ;
 Green leaves shall clothe the wintery widow'd trees,
 And where frost nipt, shall fan the western breeze :
 But beauteous Woman no redemption knows ;
 The wounds of honour, time can never close ; 70
 Her virtue sunk, to light can never rise,
 Nor lustre beam from once guilt-clouded eyes.

Fix'd be thy mind, those pleasures to pursue,
 That reason points as permanent and true :
 Think not that Bliss can mingle with a throng, 75
 Whirl'd by a tide of idle forms along :
 Think not that Pleasure dwells with pomp and state,
 Or sooths the bosoms of the rich and great ;
 Think not to meet her at the ball, the play,
 Where flirt the frolicsome, and haunt the gay ; 80
 Think not she flutters on the public walk,
 Or prompts the tongue that pours unmeaning talk ;
 Or loves the breath of compliment to feel,
 Or stamps on crowns her estimable seal.

True female pleasure, of more modest kind, 85
 Springs from the heart, and lives within the mind ;
 From noisy mirth and grandeur's rout she flies,
 Loves home delights, in tender duties lies.
 As fades the flower, uprear'd with watchful care,
 When left expos'd to storms and chilling air ; 90
 So fades the fair, in Reason's sober eye,
 That braves the crowd, nor heeds the danger nigh ;

Who

Who giddy roves, with Folly's motley queen,
Nor loves the transports of a life serene !

Be thine the friendship of a chosen few, 95

To every virtue uniformly true ;

Be thine the converse of some kindred mind,

Candid to all, but not to errors blind ;

Prudent to check, or warn unguarded youth,

And guide thy steps in innocence and truth : 100

Those who regard, will soothing language wave,

And, in the friend sincere, forget the slave ;

Will make, like me, your happiness their care,

Nor wink at spots, that make your fame less fair.

From books, too, draw much profit and delight, 105

At early morning, and at latest night ;

Let them instruct, when Pleasure spreads her fail,

Or when Hope sinks beneath affliction's gale ;

With silent wisdom, teach the mental calm,

And prove at once thy antidote and balm. 110

Let ADDISON'S and JOHNSON'S moral page,

And HAWKESWORTH'S manly style, thy hours engage.

From MILTON feel the warm poetic fire,
Whom all the maids of Helicon inspire.

With THOMSON round the varied Seasons rove ;— 115
His chaste ideas every heart improve.

Let tuneful POPE instruct you how to sing,
To frame the lay, and touch the trembling string.

Let deathless SHAKESPEARE, Nature's favourite child,
Great above measure, and sublimely wild, 120

Of human manners give the picture true,
Still, in effect the same, yet ever new.

But far, O far ! from thy chaste eyes remove

The glowing page that paints licentious love ;

That wakes the passions, but perverts the heart, 125

And only leads to infamy and art.

Pure blifs be thine—and through this varied life—

A beauteous virgin, or a faithful wife,

May fair content for ever fill thy breast,

And not an anxious care disturb thy rest ! 130

May love, the kindred passion of the skies,

Smile on thy heart, and sparkle in thy eyes !

May all thy worth be virtue's sweet reward,
 And goodness only win thy fond regard !
 And when the busy scene of time is o'er, 135
 And vain illusions vex this heart no more ;
 'Midst brightest fairs, O, may I meet my dear,
 And find that love improv'd, I cherish'd here !

EPISTLE II.

FROM THE COUNTRY,

TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

MDCCLXXXIV.

FROM WHICHWOOD'S * deep shades, and its high
waving groves,

Where Fancy, delighted, at liberty roves ;
From the seats of sequester'd contentment and ease,
Where rosy HYGEIA wafts health in each breeze ;
Receive, my dear Friend ! these rude, rustic lays, 5
From a muse unambitious of honours or praise.

O could you, PHILANDER ! these gay groves among,
With me catch the notes of the sweet feather'd throng ;

* Whichwood Forest, Oxfordshire.

With ears full of rapture hear Philomel's strain, 9
 Or see the fleet hart bound along the smooth plain ;
 The town and its pleasures with scorn you'd resign ;
 To the waters of LETHE ambition consign ;
 Bid fame, wealth, and honours the wretched attend,
 And vow here with quiet, life's vain dream to end.

O lost to each joy, who toil in the crowd, 15
 Who cringe at the levee, or bow to the proud ;
 Who bustle along through life's peopled way,
 And grasp at each phantom that shines in the day !
 Who never indulg'd on that heavenly repast,
 Which, tho' rich, never cloy's, but charms to the last ;
 The sweets that from peace and tranquillity flow,
 And the rest of the foul, which the poor only know ;
 The clear limpid breast, and the heart void of pain,
 That sinks at no loss, and throbs for no gain.

As I rest in the shade, or refresh at the rill, 25
 Or slowly ascend yon green-mantled hill ;
 As I hear the gay birds their lov'd descant repeat,
 And inhale rich perfume from each gale that I meet :

I pity the splendid, the pompous, and great,
 In vengeance o'erhung with the trappings of state ; 30
 Too high to be happy, too proud to be blest,
 Whose days pass in folly, and nights without rest ;
 Who never embrace the calm tranquil hour,
 When pageantry yields to soft rapture its power,
 And the soul in reflection darts through this dull scene,
 Where passion and error so oft intervene.

By falsehood and flattery let others aspire,
 In the climax of fortune, to rise a step higher ;
 For the shouts of the mob the patriot may toil,
 The hero through foes may rush for the spoil, 40
 Unenvied the poet his laurels may wear,
 And ambition still hug its delusion and care :—
 No wish in my bosom e'er fonder shall rise,
 Than to taste, undisturb'd, the delights of the wise ;
 With prudence and wisdom, and temperance to roam,
 And fix all my warmest attachments at home !

Heaven spreads forth its blessings profuse as dew,
 While our wants are our own, or but trivial and few :

In ambition alone all our wretchedness lies,
 And gloting on visions that dance round our eyes ; 50
 In wildly departing from Nature's just plan,
 And aiming at objects unsuited to man.

Can the pomp of attendance, the foppery of pride,
 The line of ancestors to monarchs allied,
 The blazons of rank, or the whistlings of fame, 55
 Or sooth the torn bosom, or sanctify shame ?
 When the diadem'd head feels the ache of disease,
 And the viands of luxury no longer can please ;
 When the down of the cygnet no longer is soft,
 And Fate from her watch-tower calls loudly and oft ; 60
 Then say, my dear friend, would you envy the lot
 Of the prince in his palace, or swain in his cot ?
 Where memory no pangs of compunction o'ercloud,
 Nor conscience repeats every baseness aloud ;
 Where few are the dainties that life must resign, 65
 And the soul can repose in the mercies Divine.

As the rivers incessantly run to the sea,—
 As the springs from their beds still strive to get free :

So

So hastens each mortal to one common grave,
 The only possession the richest can save ; 70
 Where the honour'd and mean together repose,
 And friends mingle dust with their once-fellest foes.

Since then, my PHILANDER, we all know our fate,
 And life is but short, ev'n when longest its date ;
 Learn early to live for yourself and your friends, 75
 And taste every blessing that Providence lends.
 If you hunt after fame, or honours, or wealth,
 And forfeit the joys of quiet and health ;
 Or whether indifferent you sail down life's tide,
 And only for natural cravings provide ; 80
 Alike o'er our heads time's last curtain shall close,
 And remembrance lose hold of its pleasures or woes.

Come then, and indulge your genius and taste,
 Nor longer your years in vain industry waste :
 Bid your villa arise on yon gay sunny site, 85
 Where each object in nature conspires to delight ;
 Where the sweet bird of eve shall woo you to rest,
 And at morn blooming Pleasure enrapture your breast ;

Where the charms of bright Wisdom shall win all your
heart,

And Philosophy pure her best treasures impart ; 90

Where I, too, shall hail you my neighbour and friend,

And learn from your converse my failings to mend ;

With studies congenial, and objects the same,

Fast rivet affection's inviolate flame :

Till ardent my hope, and my heart all resign'd, 95

I leave this vain world, a better to find ;

When your tear, and your verse, shall hallow my grave,

And your friendship my memory religiously save ;

Forget all my foibles, and say, with a sigh—

“ O Earth ! on the bosom that lov'd me, light lie.” 100

EPISTLE III.

In the Manner of OVID.

To L A U R A.

———SCRIBERE JUSSIT AMOR.

Ov.

DEAR lovely girl! at whose fair shrine I bend,
Round whom the Loves with all their shafts attend,
Smile on these strains, devoted to thy fame,
And be at once my CLIO, and my theme.

Let others court the bright Aonian maids
That haunt the streams, or charm Parnassus' shades,
Thy smiles, alone, can give my lays to shine,
Thine is my heart—my poesy is thine!

How swift the hours on downy pinions mov'd
Before my breast was conscious that it lov'd!
Before your beauty gave the fatal wound
That every sense in pleasing torture drown'd,

Each

Each blushing morn in happy white arose,
 And night's cool shades consign'd me to repose ;
 The circling months, that fill'd the joyous year, 15
 Saw not a sigh, a trouble, or a tear ;
 No inward woes—no foreign wants I knew,
 And life's pure draughts from gay contentment drew.
 But now, alas ! each moment hears a sigh,
 Wan grows my cheek, and red my trickling eye ; 20
 Your cold reserve on racks extends my soul,—
 That gives a sharpness to affliction's bowl,
 That bids despair its sable horrors spread
 Around my footsteps, and my restless bed.

You are my dream, my vision, and my bliss, 25
 My rack, my plague, my only happiness,
 My joy, my grief, my all—my heaven, my hell,—
 If in one breast such strange extremes can dwell ;
 And if by such extremes true love is known,
 Believe me, LAURA, none is like my own. 30
 Is it a crime to rise to such excess,
 I dare not, must not hope for a redress ?

But

But Man approves, nor will the skies sublime
Call fear a sin, or love sincere a crime !

Come, lovely maid ! indulgent hear my prayer, 35

Ah ! were you but as gentle as you're fair ;

Ah ! were your heart congenial to my vow,

Fast twin'd to mine as oak and ivy grow—

Were you once mine—I ask no other boon,

Fate might affail, and adverse Fortune frown, 40

My blifs supreme would every shaft defy,

Nor time, nor chance, extort one mournful sigh :

All then were well—each tumult lull'd to rest—

And love and you sole monarchs of my breast.

O form'd by Nature, with each winning grace, 45

The polish'd mind, the captivating face,

With sense, with wit, with elegance and ease,

All that can fan my flame, and make it please—

Say, shall INDIFFERENCE all those beauties stain ?

And can you glory in a cruel reign ? 50

When on your smiles my life, my soul relies,

And if you will not love, each pleasure flies.

I see, I see your frowns pronounce my doom,
 I feel despair fast preying on my bloom ;
 I hear those sounds terrific strike my ear— 55
 ‘ Be gone—I deem you far beneath my care—
 ‘ I must not love, nor will I bid you live—
 ‘ ’Tis more than you should ask—’tis more than I can give.’

Is this a dream, or vision of the brain,
 Where wav’ring Fancy sports her mimic train ? 60
 Or is it real ?—Ye Heavens ! forbid the truth,
 Ah, LAURA ! spare an unexperienc’d youth !
 Let meek-ey’d Mercy claim your yielding heart,
 And rule despotic o’er the better part ;
 Let Love’s soft power find entrance likewise there, 65
 And Pity whisper—Spare your suppliant—spare !

Though happier rivals blest with fortune’s smiles,
 May boast the wealth of INDIA’s fragrant isles ;
 Though PERU’s mines for them unfold their stores,
 And ships waft incense from a thousand shores ; 70
 Though for your sake all those they would forego,—
 If fate gave leave, intenser love I’d shew :—

Yes,

Yes, were the world and all its pleasures mine—
 Myself, the world—its pleasures should be thine ;
 I'd count them all too little for thy love, 75
 And seek, by new-tried means, my flame to prove !

O were the goddess Fortune in my power,
 For you I'd plan fresh transports every hour ;
 For you the palace' lofty spires should rise,
 And beds of roses sweeten all the skies ; 80
 For you should spring the bower, the shade, the grove,
 And each revolving year see nought but love.

But is my heart, O LAURA ! less sincere
 Because no god will hear ambition's prayer ?
 Altho' no rich inheritance I own,— 85
 By every art shall pure regard be shewn ;
 I'll bid late time your virtuous fame prolong,
 And paint your beauties in immortal song :
 Each amorous swain shall read my tender lays,
 Each love-sick maid shall echo back my praise— 90
 And, as they feel my soft impassion'd tale,
 Heave a deep sigh—for him who lov'd so well !

ODES.

Yes, were the world and all its pleasures mine—
Myself, the world—my pleasures should be thine;
I'd count them all too little for thy love;
And still, by new and means, my friend be proved.
O were the world's pleasures in my power,
For you, I'd give them all without delay;
For you the palace, for you the garden,
And beds of roses, and the fairest day;
For you I'd give the power, the throne, the grove,
And each rich thing you wish to have;
But is my heart, O love, as rich as these?
Because no gold will purchase what I love;
Alas! no diamond will buy what I love;
By every thing I wish to have, I love;
I'll bid thee mine, and thou shalt have;
And yet, my heart, my heart, my heart;
Each moment I am thine, and every day;
Each love I have, each wish I have;
And, to thy love, I give my heart;
I leave a deep sigh—my heart is thine.

ODES

ODES.

ODES

ODE I.

TO NATURE.

Written in Whichwood Forest, Oxfordshire.

MDCCLXXVIII.

——— MANIFESTA PATET, EX OMNI PARTE RETECTA
NATURA. LUCRET.

AMID the variegated scene
Of blossoms, flowers, and herbage green,
Where twining shrubs enamour'd grow,
And oaks adorn the mountain's brow;
Enraptur'd let me tune the lay,
And sing of NATURE, ever gay.

5

Celestial goddess! first of things,
When Time outspread his ardent wings!

H

Who

Who erst possess'd the spacious ball,
 Rever'd, ador'd, and lov'd by all ; 10
 Ere ART, proud Art, with mimic grace,
 Obscur'd thy plan, or marr'd thy face ;
 Or dar'd deform thy holy reign,
 And mix its monsters with thy train !
 Wilt thou vouchsafe to aid the lay, 15
 That strives thy beauties to display ;
 And o'er the warblings of the Muse,
 The spirit of thy charms diffuse ?
 Whether the craggy cliff, or dale,
 The purling stream, or flowery vale, 20
 The mossy bank, or shelly shore,
 Or WHICHWOOD's glooms delight thee more ;
 O hear a fond enthusiast's sigh,
 And see his tear-impearled eye,
 Because rude Art usurps thy throne, 25
 And wears those honours once thy own !

Come, lead me through thy blest abodes,
 The seats of innocence and gods ;

10 Where green-rob'd Dryads gambol round ;
 Where dove-ey'd Peace, and Health are found ; 30
 Where neat Simplicity retires,
 And Friendship lights her purest fires ;
 Where hoary Faith, and mutual Love,
 In unison delight to move :
 15 For all that's noble, sacred, fair, 35
 Must shine in brightest lustre there !

When Phœbus first, with golden beam,
 Teaches the forest's top to gleam ;
 Or when, amid his fervid course,
 20 On panting herds he pours his force ; 40
 Or when, at dew-besprinkled eve,
 He courts the smooth Atlantic wave ;
 With thee, O NATURE ! let me rove,
 And find thy form in every grove ;
 25 Still on thy lovely features gaze, 45
 And eye thy walks, and devious ways !
 Smiles aught below devoid of thee ?
 Ah ! no ; thy charms are all to me.

If rapt by Fancy's magic power,
Where forms engage each joyless hour, 50

To marble domes, and splendid courts,
Where Art, deep mask'd, performs her sports ;

How would I mourn thy rites profan'd !

Thy name abus'd, thy visage stain'd !

And ART exerting each grimace, 55

To mime the beauties of thy face ;

Affecting graces thine alone :

For grace and beauty are thy own !

Unhappy great ! to Nature foes ;

How sweet the pleasures that you lose ! 60

Can tinsel pomp, and equipage,

Your giddy minds so strong engage ?

Can gilded misery, state and noise,

Be deem'd the summit of your joys ?

Ill-fated race ! borne down the stream 65

By polish'd manners' specious name,

You sacrifice the tranquil hour

To pageantry and empty power ;

Forfeit

Forfeit the dulcet smiles of Bliss,

For mad Ambition's harlot kifs ;

70

And banish Nature's simple charms,

To fold Art's fopperies in your arms.

Can splendid domes, and gay alcoves,

Compare with verdant waving groves ?

Can Persian carpets' richest dye,

75

With Nature's velvet vesture vie ?

Mantles so bright the vinous bowl,

Round which disease and furies howl ;

As chrystal springs, and limpid rills,

Purling adown the laughing hills ?

80

Or breathes so sweet the lulling lute,

And soft meanders of the flute ;

As love-sick Philomela's lay,

Join'd with the concert of each spray,

When young-ey'd Spring awakes the year,

85

And choristers the woodlands cheer ?

To the eye of native taste,—

To the uncorrupted breast,

Shines so bright the diamond's blaze,—

The masquerade, or mingled rays 90

Which a thousand flambeaux pour

O'er the health-destroying hour;

As the rustic's cheerful dance,

When Hesper bids the stars advance :—

The blithsome frolics of the green, 95

Where love and innocence are seen ;

Where beauty shines without disguise,

And heart-felt passions light the eyes ?

To me, the shepherd's artless tale ;

His sighs, that mingle with the gale ; 100

His anxious cares, his joys, his fears ;

His jealous doubts, and tender tears,

The natural terms that paint his love ;

The verdant scenery of the grove ;

Are far more pleasing than the stage, 105

Tho' SHAKESPEARE wrote th' impassion'd page ;

And GARRICK still, with tragic art,

Could point each word to touch the heart !

O taste

O taste corrupt ! estrang'd to Bliss,
 To smiling Peace and Happiness ; 110
 Perish your hated, baneful sway !
 And haste, O haste ! propitious day,
 When, NATURE, THOU who charm'st the wise,
 Shalt with exalted honours rise !
 Smit with thy love, O let me trace 115
 Those seats where thou, in awful grace,
 Or mildest beauty, reign'st alone,
 And guilty Art is yet unknown :
 Direct me, NATURE, to thy shore,
 For never mortal lov'd thee more ! 120
 Dwell'st thou on ANDES' rocky brow ;
 Or, 'midst th' untrodden flow'rs that grow,
 Where the sea-like PLATA strays,
 And works its wild meand'rous ways ?
 Sitt'st thou amid eternal frost, 125
 On ZEMBLA's solitary coast ?
 Or on the ALPINE mountains hoar,
 Hear'st thou of driving storms the roar ?

'Midst flaming *ÆTNA*'s heaving mine,
Dost thou delight in awe to shine ; 130

Or lov'st some sea-besprinkled isle,

Where human feet ne'er stamp'd the soil ?

Yes, there thou dwell'st ;—nor there alone

I see thy venerable throne :

Where'er I turn my eyes around, 135

Thy fair profusion clothes the ground ;

In ev'ry lawn, and op'ning glade,

Thy smiling honours are display'd ,

And *WHICHWOOD*'s deep, embowering glooms,

With all thy sapphire colours blooms. 140

WHICHWOOD ! how dear thy blest'd retreats !

Thy mossy banks, and rural seats !

Thy waving groves, thy hamlets mean,

Where Poverty, with brow serene,

Where Innocence and Peace reside, 145

And down life's current gently glide !

Thrice happy they, who here retir'd,

With envy nor ambition fir'd ;

Content those cravings to supply,
 That Nature views with wishing eye; 150
 Enjoy thy pure salubrious air,
 And see thy prospects wide and fair;
 The fragrance of thy flowers inhale,
 And feel *HYGEIA* in each gale.
 With rapture beating at my breast,— 155
 Each vexing passion lull'd to rest,
 Oft let me thrid thy tangled brakes,
 Soon as the dawning day awakes;
 Traverse thy velvet-mantled lawns,
 Where graze thy flocks, and sport thy fawns; 160
 Ascend thy slopes, and pierce thy groves,
 To listen to *their* warblers' loves;
 Or to thy limpid rills retire,
 And cool the sun's meridian fire:
 Then rest supine, where branching trees 165
 Exclude the unremitting breeze;
 Or oft with transport turn an eye
 On the scenes that round me lie;

Mark yon river's mazy bed,
 Where many a willow rears its head ;— 170
 Catch the village echo far ;
 See numerous spires ascend in air,
 With shining domes in trees embrac'd,
 And Nature mix'd with genuine taste ;—
 All the varied landscape view, 175
 Till the high hills are lost in blue.

Here let me tune the vocal lyre,
 And, NATURE, thou my voice inspire !
 Here learn the soft mellifluous strains
 That WARTON pipes on Isis' plains ; 180
 Admire each soul-enchanting line,
 And catch some grace to call it mine.
 From HAYLEY's muse attempt to please
 With native, unaffected ease ;
 Learn all description's force from PYE *, 185
 And with his strains immortal vie :

* Now Poet Laureate.

From lovely COWLEY's comic vein
 Of human manners knowledge gain,
 Whose attic wit, and genius bright,
 O'er gloomy care can throw delight,
 Who paints the scene that Nature shows,
 Nor suffers Art to interpose !

190

Thus thro' life's vale O let me stray,
 In mild Contentment's placid way !
 Nor court the favour of the Great ;
 Nor spend a sigh for wealth or state ;
 Nor wish in Fame's broad roll to shine ;—
 But be the social pleasures mine !
 All the joys O let me prove,
 That spring from constancy and love ;
 From Heaven receive the friend sincere,
 To taste my bliss, or sooth my care :
 And since pure NATURE's wants are few,
 Let me her simple plan pursue ;
 To Virtue's love resign my heart,
 And never know delusive ART !

195

200

205

ODE

ODE II.

TO CONTEMPLATION.

HAIL, CONTEMPLATION! from thy cell,
Where Wisdom's sons delight to dwell,
And sweets ideal rise;
Awake, dispel the mists of sense;
Drive every passion far from hence,
That dims the mortal eyes.
Unfetter'd let me mount the spheres,
Survey the spangled pole;
With strains seraphic feast my ears,
And pour new transports on my soul.

I feel! I feel thy power divine!
To clear, to elevate, is thine,
And quench all low desire;
The heaven-born mind ascends on high,
The films of sense forsake mine eye,—
I burn with sacred fire.

What

What blifsful fcenes falute my view !

What pleasures, fpringing ever new !

What founds are thofe that ftrike my ears ;

The mingled melody of all the fpheres !

To untried flights the foul afpires,

Amid the lucid ftars ;

Kindles with rapture's holy fires,

To view their rolling cars.

On ambient worlds their light they throw,

Though feeming fpecks to us below.—

Perhaps with happy fouls replete,

They fee our fun beneath their feet ;

Or taught by Providence divine,

To light celestial regions fhine :—

But what celestial region needs

The feeble fplendor of a fun ;

Where dwells the God, whofe glory feeds

This lamp, fince time began to run !

What

What sacred order, power supreme,
Impels and guides this mighty frame!

What harmony attunes the whole!
Let atheists boast th' atomic dance;
When I survey the vast expanse,

A GOD! a MIGHTY GOD! comes rushing on my soul.

Vain, foolish man! wrapp'd up in pride!

Lay bold impiety aside;

Nor more deny th' Eternal Cause

Rules Nature by unerring laws.

Arise! on Reason's pinions soar;—

Arise! to tremble and adore:

Nor can conviction fail;

When every star proclaims a God;

When every worm that crawls abroad,

Repeats the wond'rous tale—

Who gave the sun a golden light,

Who wraps creation deep in night,

And

And whirls his orb away ;
 On man bestow'd both life and breath :
 Ah ! then, before he smites with death,
 Submissive own his sway !
 For me, when I deny his power,
 Or doubt his arm divine,
 May sable darkness clothe the hour,
 And stars, ashamed, forget to shine !

O D E III.

TO CONTENTMENT.

SEQUESTER'D far from public life,
From giddy mirth, and noisy strife;
From headstrong passions, vain desires;
From envy, pride, and guilty fires;
From cares and fears for ever free,
O, sweet CONTENTMENT, let me live with thee!

Thine are the joys that never fail;
Thine is the placid, constant gale,
That bids us smile at frequent shocks
Of dang'rous fyrts, and latent rocks;—
And since I crave thy smiles alone,
Come, in my breast erect thy lucid throne!

GOLCONDA's gems, and flaming mines
 Where, deep from day, the diamond shines;
 PERUVIAN mountains' richest ore,
 And treasures of the golden shore,
 Afford no blifs devoid of thee,—
 At best more fair, more splendid misery.

The palace deck'd with regal state,
 The gay parade of all the great,
 The laurel wreath, the sounding name,
 Ambition's wish, and deathless fame,
 Without thee as a constant guest,
 Leave their possessors joyless and unblest.

What's thy delight, CONTENTMENT, say !
 With what condition wilt thou stay ?
 If grandeur often woos in vain,
 Wilt thou adorn the rural plain ?
 Wilt thou vouchsafe to gild the cot
 Where poverty obtains its still unenvied lot ?

'Tis here I see thy splendours beam ;
 'Tis here thou roll'st thy clearest stream ;
 'Tis here thou sheddest, in disguise,
 The purest joys beneath the skies ;
 And from thy liberal hands here flow
 Such sweets as sceptred monarchs never know.

Come, then, instruct me how to steer
 Through smiling fortune and severe !
 With thee, the turf-built cot would please—
 The flow'ry banks, and shady trees ;
 And for thy smiles, thou nymph divine !
 I'd high pursuits, without a sigh, resign.

ODE IV.

DESPAIR.

WHY shines the moon with silver ray,
Amid her starry splendours gay?
Why trills the nightingale her note,
And strains her sweet mellifluous throat?
Why breathes the incense of the grove
On me, a slave to care and love?

~~Now~~ snowy blossoms clothe the year,—
In verdant vesture meads appear;
Favonian gales, and tepid showers,
Revive the gaudy smiling flowers;—
All Nature wantons in her bloom,
While I, alone, deplore my doom.

Ye deeply-piercing frosts return,
 And freeze each Naiad in her urn !
 The tender blossoms nip away—
 Deform the fields, unleaf the spray !
 And, O ! if able, chill this flame,
 That burns my heart, and mars my frame ;
 Expel each spark of amorous fire,
 And banish fear and fond desire !

Alas ! in vain I crave your aid—
 No rigours can my breast pervade ;
 Like HECLE, 'midst eternal snows,
 With unextinguish'd heat it glows.

What can I pray ? where turn my eyes ?
 Ye howling winds, infuriate rise !
 With tenfold rage impetuous sweep
 The furrow'd bosom of the deep ;—
 Let spiry trees from earth be torn,
 And on your winged furies borne ;

That in the aggravated roar

My fatal loss I may deplore,—

Unheeded blend my frantic voice

With dismal shrieks, and direful noise !

ODE V.
FOR A FRIEND,

ON HIS LATE NUPTIALS.

MY dearest DELIA! lend thine ear,
No flattery taints my strains;
Fled are the hours of anxious doubt,
The lover's hopes and pains.

The sudden throb, the heartfelt sigh,
No more my breast invade;
Or Fancy brooding o'er its cares,
Invites the sombre shade.

Recording Heaven has heard our vows,
And Hymen's holy bands
Have join'd our fortunes and our fates,
Our wishes, and our hands.

Thrice

Thrice happy state of placid ease !

Where doubts no more molest ;

Where tranquil joys the time engage,

And foeth the wedded breast :

Where souls, in rosy fetters bound,

By warm affection move ;

Outfly stern Duty's irksome pace,

And think, and act by love.

If in the cup of human life

A cordial drop is thrown,

That cordial drop's delicious taste

Awaits this state alone.

When too susceptible of wrongs,

And ills that life attend,

My heart for disappointment bleeds,

And mourns the fickle friend ;

When Honour shrinks from Fortune's blast,

And favours die away ;

As fades the rose, when fully blown,

Beneath the ardent day :

Then, DELIA ! to thy breast I fly,

And there unfold my care ;

Thy love or turns the shaft aside,

Or teaches me to bear.

Friend of my health, and joyous hours,

And Partner of my woe !

Thy voice can calm the throbs of Grief,

Or check Repentment's glow,

With thee how placid flow my days,—

No foreign wants arise ;

Domestic bliss is all my wish,

Beneath thy partial eyes.

O lost to happiness and love,
Who think the marriage chain
Is only link'd with briers and thorns,
And thick beset with pain!

Know! here unnumber'd sweets are found,
And dear engaging ties,
That lull the sense of mortal cares,
And wake to ecstasies.

When, DELIA, to my pensive mind
I call congenial loves,
The little ills of life drop off,
Like leaves from wintry groves.

Secure from fate, in humble state,
And blest with love and thee,
O let me wear my number'd days,
From wants—from wishes free!

O let

O let me ever find thy smile,
A healing balm supply;
To calm my breast when cares intrude,
And cheer my tearful eye!

Through every scene of varied life,
Let warm affection guide;
And age itself behold regard
More fond, as longer tried.

Till love, that join'd us here below,
Shall die—to live anew;
When, pleas'd, our Father and our God
Shall bless, and honour too.

ODE VI.
TO THE NEW YEAR

MDCCLXXXIII.

LONG has BELLONA's thundering car
Dispread the flames of guilty war;
Long has she clank'd her scorpion thong,
And whirl'd a madding world along.

Year after year in gore is dy'd,
And seas empurpled roll their tide;
The fated earth is drench'd in blood,
And rivers pour a fuller flood.

Say, Father Time! when shall thy reign
Compose in Concord's holy chain?
When shall the olive blossom bloom,
And Peace her long-lost sway resume?

O favour'd

O favour'd by propitious skies,
Young JANUS, fraught with joys, arise !
Let every sun that gilds the sphere
Shed blessings thro' his wide career !

In glowing INDIA's spicy groves,
The fable native sing his loves ;
Nor start to hear the blast of war
Borne on the æther from afar !

Where EUROPE spreads her fertile fields,
And Plenty all her produce yields,
May every drooping Art revive,
And riches flow from Commerce' hive !

No more let CALPE hear the roar
Of cannon thund'ring round her shore :
Her rock, as now, for ever stand
The pride, the glory of our land !

Beyond

Beyond th' ATLANTIC's liquid plain,
Where Heaven bids native Freedom reign,
Be heard no more the warrior's groan,
The patriot's sigh, the parent's moan !

From where blest TITAN lifts his head,
To where he seeks his western bed,
Resound the trumpet's voice no more,
Nor navies know a hostile shore !

Let social Love's unbounded stream,
And easy Quiet's gentle dream,
And public Honour, strong and warm,
Awake to trust, and check alarm !

So shall Transport fill the soul,
And mild Affection bind the whole ;
So shall Science bloom anew,
And Kindness drop like morning dew :

So shall every clime be known,
 And every nation seem our own :—
 For from the fountains of Peace arise
 The fairest virtues of the skies !

O D E VII.

FOR THE NEW YEAR

MDCCLXXXIV.

Performed before their Majesties MOMUS and COMUS: being a
Parody on W. WHITEHEAD's, Esq. P. L.

ENOUGH of trash! To happier ends

His forward views the POET bends.

The scribbling hosts who wield the pen,

Obedient to the voice of MEN,

From solemn dulness cease!

And try, with new-wak'd industry,

To catch of humorous verse the glee,

And leave the drones in peace!

O come! ye towering poets, come!

Who seldom stir from attic room,

Plagu'd

Plagu'd with a house-wife's clack—
 Your board with empty dishes crown'd,—
 Your ragged progeny around,
 Learning of verse the mighty knack !

Yet be not sense the favourite theme,—
 For what has sense with verse to do ?
 Teach them more justly for to deem,
 And own experience taught it you.
 Nor boast but in the Muses' train,
 Pale want was ever known,
 And many a dun whom verse in vain
 Would charm to let alone.

Then tune your song to sooth their toil,
 And bid the lips of hunger smile—
 When on the empty plate they gaze,
 Or turn the bone an hundred ways ;—
 Be all your song, to soften these,
 Of PINDAR's fame, and deathless praise.

Nor

Nor dread lest scribbling e'er should die,
 This cheering song thus early taught ;
 Wit will the want of cash supply,
 And rhyme the place of useless thought.

From the first dawn of Reason's ray,
 On the young bosom's yielding clay
 Strong be the tuneful art imprest,
 And with your own example fire their breast.
 Tell them 'tis theirs to grasp the pen,
 And frighten little puny men,
 Who dread a poet's rod :—
 Tell them that laureates still are free
 To write dull nonsense for a fee,
 As witness WHITEHEAD's Ode !

ODE VIII.

TO MR. WARTON, P. L.

ON HIS FIRST BIRTH-DAY ODE.

O BLEST in genius ! blest in fame !

Whom LEARNING hails with loud acclaim,

And all the Muses fire !

The well earn'd laureate wreath you wear—

Reflect a lustre on your sphere,

Nor prostitute the lyre.

Pale Envy sinks beneath your blaze,

And pours involuntary praise ;

Detraction reins her venom'd voice,

And GENIUS rears her crest, and feels ecstatic joys;

At

At GEORGE's call, the gothic gloom,

Incumbent long, diffolves away ;

Fair Science shines in attic bloom ;—

The Muses tune the hallow'd lay :

The trump of Fame, with potent breath,

Tells that WARTON wears the wreath,

And charms his Isis' shore ;

While Dulness yields its ancient reign,

Nor longer muds Castalia's vein,

Nor damps poetic lore !

The fostering influence of a throne

Wakes to life each lovely flower ;

The Graces sport with looser zone,

And blest the gay, propitious hour.

Sweet music floats upon the gale,—

Loud pæns rend th' applauding sky,

While Genius quits life's humble vale,

And opes to fairer views her ardent eye.

Then let thy verse, melodious bard !

Unblam'd, great GEORGE's fame display ;

He only can thy worth reward,

Nor needs the praise that Honour scorns to pay.

Supreme in virtue as in place,

He asks no vain fictitious grace ;

Nor could the favouring NINE

Compose a garland for his head,

Which real Virtue has not shed,

And Merit made divine !

(134)
O D E IX.

To M. WALL, M. D. OF OXFORD,

ON THE DEATH OF DR. PARSONS.

WHEN PARSONS died, the healing God
With many a sigh his loss deplor'd ;
He dropp'd his lyre and magic rod,
And from those scenes of sorrow soar'd.

Arriv'd in fair Elysian shades,
Where merit gains eternal seats ;
He saw his favourite cross the glades
That cheer his ever-green retreats.

He beckon'd PARSONS to his throne,
And thus in doleful mood he said ;
“ For wretched Man, behold ! I mourn,
“ Bereft too early of thy aid.

" A numerous train of hell-born woes

" The seeds of human joy consume ;

" And who can now give pain repose,

" Or renovate life's wither'd bloom ?

" Who now can cheer the languid eye,

" Compose the restless, tortur'd frame ;

" Repress Affliction's heaving sigh,

" And light Hygeia's purple flame ?"

On Isis then he turn'd his sight ;—

For eyes divine all space pervade !

A much-lov'd son he drew to light,

And plac'd a garland on his head.

" Go, WALL !" he cries, " with noble aim,

" A Father's * honour'd steps pursue ;

" Extend my empire, raise thy fame,

" And wear this wreath, thy merit's due."

* The late Dr. WALL of Worcester, eminent as a physician and a scholar.

ODE X.

TO SPRING.

FROM HUNTINGFORD'S MONOSTROPHICS.

A PARAPHRASE.

SWEET SPRING! with all thy charms appear,

And with thee bring the zephyrs bland;

The genial shower, the welkin clear,

Attendant on thy mild command.

Then shall the hills, the vales, the woods,

In verdant vesture hail thy reign;

And, lav'd by pure meand'ring floods,

Shall smile the flowery-mantled plain.

For thee, the Hours weave chaplets gay,

Where shines the damask-scented rose :

For thee, the warblers cheer the spray,

And bees hum round each flower that blows.

The lambs, just nibbling grassy food,

Surround their dams with bleatings shrill ;

The wanton calf, in frolic mood,

Bounds o'er valley and o'er hill.

Amid the reeds that fringe the lake,

Behold the swan with snowy wing,

Her innate pride of form awake,

And welcome love-creative Spring.

Ev'n fishes mute, in silent joy

Forfake the reeds, and shun the shore ;

Nor fear that tempests will annoy

The fluttering of their finny oar.

Each various tribe that peoples air,
The solid land, the flowing sea,
One general hymn of praise prepare,
And bless the vernal hours with me.

But chief the youth whose generous breast
Admits the flame of genuine love,
And hears congenial vows exprest,
As with his fair he seeks the grove :

To him thy charms, sweet Spring ! impart,
Than fame, than wealth more solid bliss ;
Nor could Jove's nectar warm his heart
Like lovely DELIA's balmy kifs.

O D E XI.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

WHEN roseate Health dispreads her charms,
And revels in the placid breast ;
When Nature sounds no rude alarms—
How much our knowledge is repress'd !

Obtrusive joy reflection drowns,
Gay fancy leads the heart astray ;
Perennial bliss, unfading crowns,
Are deem'd to strew life's thorny way.

But when Disease, with rankling dart,
Of health and joy usurps the place ;
Nor can thy skill, O COLES * ! impart
The wonted smile, the vermeil grace ;—

* A very respectable and successful medical practitioner.

Then fade the dreams by fancy wrought,

Fantastic blifs diffolves in air ;

The soul awakes to higher thought,

And feels that life is frail as fair.

Bright Reason opes her mental fight,

Each baseless vision disappears ;

Nor lives one object of delight,

Save conscous worth, and guiltless years

These can the flitting soul sustain,

When hovering o'er life's farthest shore ;

Smooth the sad couch of mortal pain,

And cheer when time shall be no more !

ODE

O D E XII.

THE POET TO HIS DAUGHTER,

ON ENTERING HER THIRD YEAR, AUGUST 6,

MDCCLXXXV.

HAIL, dearest ANNA ! can the Muse

A tribute to thy smiles refuse,

A parent's love indiff'rent see

Thy infantine simplicity,

Regardless view each winning art,

Nor feel affection touch his heart ?

Since first thou blest'd my partial eyes,

Twice Sol has journey'd round the skies,

The months twice run their annual round,

The yellow Autumn cloth'd the ground,

Stern Winter stripp'd the labouring trees,

And Nature own'd the vernal breeze ;

And

And now again, gay Summer smiles,
And CERES pours her hoarded spoils.

If any Power propitious hear,
And Heaven incline a willing ear,
As the Seasons wing their way,
And Time unfolds thy natal day,
May bloomy Health through every vein
Devolve its current, void of pain,
Soft Peace pervade thy spotless breast,
Contentment yield her nectar'd feast—
The numerous ills of life glide by,
And view thee with relentful eye!

Sweet babe! unconscious of thy fate,—
Of woes that wretched man await;
In bliss thy days, unchanging, pass:
Nor yet Reflection shews her glass,
Nor memory stings, nor passions wound,
Nor wants assail, nor cares surround.

Thrice happy state! but short thy reign,
Ere storms obscure the placid scene;

Ere Reason opes her mental sight,
 (At once our misery and delight)
 And shews us life is but a shade—
 A baseless fabric, quickly sped,—
 A scene where sorrows thick are sown,
 And pleasures nipt as soon as blown.

O D E XIII.

T O T H E S A M E*,

ON ENTERING HER FOURTH YEAR.

ANOTHER year has wing'd its way,

Since first I hail'd thy natal day ;

* This object of the fondest parental affection fell a victim to constitutional delicacy and weakness, in her fifth year. The following EPITAPH is intended to her memory, and that of an infant brother who died before her :—

A tie to earth with thee, sweet babe ! is gone—

With thee, sweet babe ! a tie to heaven is flown.

O ! as a father lifts his streaming eyes,

And views thy home—the bright empyreal skies ;

May fond reflection on his infant's blifs

Allure to brighter worlds,—and wean from this !

To reach thy state, O ! be it all his care :

And all his pride—the ills of life to bear !

The

The varied months have run their round,
 And flowers and frosts have cloth'd the ground :
 And now beneath fair August's reign,
 I pay my votive verse again.

Revolving in my pensive mind
 The ills escap'd, the cares behind,
 A gloomy catalogue appears
 Of pain and sickness, grief and tears ;
 Of hope dissolv'd in fell despair,
 And expectation dash'd to air.

But, shall the heaven-taught bosom grieve ?
 The deep-fetch'd sigh, incessant, heave ?
 Shall no bright star illumine the road
 That leads to Virtue's pure abode ?
 Shall Vice, embronz'd, o'er Worth prevail,
 And Justice drop th' impartial scale ?
 Forbid it Heaven !—in mercy deign
 To sooth our grief, and heal our pain !
 And lo ! fair opening to my eye,
 I view the scenes 'yond life that lie ;

See Virtue thron'd in glory bright,
 And Vice consign'd to deepest night !
 See Worth in angel-splendour drest,
 While glowing transports touch its breast.

Short is our passage to the tomb ;—

This life is but a season's bloom :

From infancy to age we haste,
 And scarcely flourish ere we waste.

Our care is but a vexing dream ;

Our bliss is but an airy gleam ;

And high and low, and rich and poor,

Are but distinctions of an hour !

Ev'n thou ! whose yet unconscious ear

This pictur'd tale of life canst hear

Without a tear, without a sigh,

Too soon shalt ope thy mental eye ;

And find a Father rightly sung,

And Truth inspir'd his moral tongue !

L

ODE

O D E XIV.

ON HEARING SACRED MUSIC

PERFORMED BY SEVERAL YOUNG LADIES.

HAIL! blooming choir, whose tuneful throats

Pour forth the sweet mellifluous notes

That lift the mind on high ;

That give mortality to taste

The rapt sensations of the blest,

Above the spangled sky.

When fairest forms like you combine,

To raise in symphony divine

The sweetly flowing strains,

The atheist must confess a God—

The sceptic leave the devious road—

The wretch forget his pains !

At

At every sound that strikes my ears,
Methinks the music of the spheres

Awakes my soul to bliss;
Methinks through Heav'n's bright courts I rove,
Where all is harmony and love,
And purest happiness.

Such modulations sure were given
To raise our languid souls to heaven,
And smooth the brow of Care,
To bid ideal madness cease,—
To hush wild passions into peace,
And tune the heart to pray'r.

O sacred Music! let thy pow'r
Enliven every gloomy hour,
And meliorate my soul;
Till, in ecstatic transports drown'd,
I hear seraphic tribes resound
Their songs from pole to pole!

ODE XV.

ON THE

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

BEING SAFELY DELIVERED OF A DAUGHTER, AT
BLENHEIM, SEPTEMBER 8,

MDCCLXXXV.

WAKE the lyre to sounds of joy,

Deeply strike the tuneful string !

Vexing cares that life annoy,

Hence ! on Terror's rapid wing.

Lo ! o'er BLENHEIM's stately towers

Sportive Loves and Cupids play :

Graces lead the rosy Hours,

That light this fair auspicious day.

Kind

Kind LUCINA's guardian care

Still attends connubial love ;

Still she hears the virtuous prayer ;—

And could a MARLBRO's fail to move !

All the powers that watch the good,

Left the skies to lend her aid :

Before her couch bright JUNO stood ;

And favouring spirits round her play'd.

The lovely babe, by VENUS caught,

Was bid to rise with all her charms ;

With all her Parent's virtue fraught,

And all MINERVA's winning arms.

And may the Fates approving smile,

And spin a life of fairest dyes ;

A mother's tender fears beguile,

And bless a father's partial eyes !

O D E XVI.

ON THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT

TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, AT
BLENHEIM, AUGUST 14,

MDCCCLXXXVI.

DREAD SOVEREIGN, hail ! an humble bard

His loyal gratulation pays :

Ah ! how unequal are his lays

To win a monarch's great regard !

No CHAUCER now delights these groves

With poesy's enchanting sound ;

Yet still disport the purple Loves,

And still the Graces hover round :

Matur'd by years, improv'd by taste,

Each lovely scene is lovelier made

Than when Britannia's monarchs bless'd

With daily smiles this rural shade.

Illustrious Sire ! ordain'd to prove
 The ardour of a nation's love ;
 By every royal gift endear'd,
 By every rank ador'd, rever'd ;
 By guardian angels fav'd from fate,
 Who, mindful of Britannia's weal,
 Thy sacred steps, well-pleas'd, beset,
 And turn'd aside the frantic steel *.

To Woodstock welcome !—may the day
 In future annals shine,
 That gives our eyes their richest feast,
 The fight of BRUNSWICK's line !

At Fancy's call, Time's vista meets my sight ;
 A splendid group of kings appear,
 Who shed benignant lustre here,
 And fought those bowers with ever-fresh delight.

* A few days before an attempt had been made on His Majesty's
 life, by a woman who proved to be insane.

An ALFRED's sacred name we boast,

Whose valour sav'd this sea-girt isle ;

Whose genius bade the Muses smile,

And woo'd them to this northern coast.

To HENRIES, EDWARDS, hallow'd names !

The Muse recurs with reverence due ;

But more a GEORGE's worth inflames,

And veils their glories from her view.

O ! blest in all that can adorn

The monarch or the man ;

To scatter happiness intent,

The public good to plan :

What raptures must pervade thy breast,

When memory aids the royal thought,

And shews what former kings possess'd,

And what thy liberal aim has wrought !

In public love,—in private bliss,

Unrival'd shines a GEORGE's reign ;

And

And future ages, envying this,

The charming scene shall paint again.

And may the bard who tunes the lays

In distant æras, tell this isle,

That GEORGE's long and happy days

Were cheer'd with CHARLOTTE's heavenly smile ;

That riches flow'd from commerce spread,

The Arts were cherish'd by the throne ;

That Peace and Plenty rear'd their head,

And call'd a happy realm their own !

ODE XVII.

ON HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

CONVERTING HIS GREEN-HOUSE INTO A PRIVATE
THEATRE.

WHY weeps the Genius of those flowers,
And binds with cypress wreaths his brow?
Why turns bright FLORA from those bowers,
Where all her charms were wont to glow?

“Alas!” she cries, “my loveliest plants,
“That erst were rear’d with tender care,
“Torn rudely from their favourite haunts,
“Are doom’d to feel the chilling air!

“Does

" Does beauty claim no partial eye ?

" Do strangers * meet no mild regard ?

" To please—they left their native sky—

" To die neglected—their reward !"

" Forbear," a listening DRUID cries,

" Fair Goddess of the painted train !

" For sounds of joy exchange those sighs,

" Nor quit these mansions in disdain.

" Where once your plants of brightest bloom

" The sweetest fragrance shed around,

" The LOVES and GRACES haste to come,

" And MUSES consecrate the ground.

" The gayest tints your tribes could boast

" Would soon beneath superior fade ;

" Then weep not for your empire lost,

" Nor, pining, seek the sombre shade.

* Alluding to the exotics.

" Soon

“ Soon shall your raptur’d eyes behold

“ Each charm that wins the polish’d mind ;

“ And worth, that, void of rank or gold,

“ Might gain the reverence of mankind.

“ CLEORA, fraught with every grace,

“ Shall here with fond attention seize ;

“ ASPASIA’s smiles illumine that face,

“ Which plastic Nature form’d to please.

“ With blushes crown’d and lustrous eye,

“ Beyond the painter’s mimic art,

“ LUCINDA here shall join to dry

“ The tear that flows from Misery’s smart.

“ The Sister Graces *, each possess

“ Of charms appropriate, and lov’d,

“ With blended powers shall touch each breast,

“ By sense inform’d, by feeling mov’d.

* Ladies CAROLINE, ELIZABETH, and CHARLOTTE SPENCER,
who performed in the drama.

“ Then,

“ Then, Goddess! cease your sad complaint,—

“ For partial ills forget to grieve :

“ Or, if your sorrows must have vent,

“ O, let the DRUID's song relieve !”

O D E XVIII.

TO GEORGE MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD,

ON HIS COMPLETING HIS TWENTY-FIRST YEAR,

MARCH 6,

MDCCLXXXVII.

THE Muse no humble theme prepares,
Nor tunes the lyre to trivial strains :
On vent'rous wing she boldly dares
To seek the sky, and quit the plains.
And did th' Aonian nymphs attend,
Their blended sweets of verse to lend ;
Did PINDAR's genius fire my breast,
Or polish'd FLACCUS' genuine taste,
To distant æras should this lay,
Upborne by fame, expand o'er earth ;
And future ages hail the day
That gave illustrious BLANDFORD birth.

Alas !

Alas ! I mourn my feeble power

To reach the heart, or charm mankind ;

But rank, combin'd with worth, like yours,

Some rich recording pen shall find.—

And did no poet deck your name,—

Where merit shines, behold its flame

The purest light and splendour throws,

Nor needs the incense tuneful verse bestows !

Yet deign, illustrious youth, to hear

The votive lay Truth bids me bring ;

No adulation courts your ear,

Altho' I strike the plausive string :—

The plausive string I dare to strike,

When BLANDFORD'S character I draw ;

The portrait to the person like,

The candid eye will please, and the malignant awe.

Blest with fair lore, with manly sense,

The generous wish, the feeling heart ;

And good and wise without pretence,

Or borrow'd aids from guilty art !

Kind

Kind Fortune on your natal hour
 Propitious smil'd, and bade her train
 Each its various tribute pour,
 And vow'd the blended blessings to maintain.
 But still to higher gifts aspire,
 Than liberal Fortune can bestow :
 For genuine Grandeur must acquire
 The conscious rank it cannot owe !

Virtue beholds you reach'd your prime,
 And owns you hers, with joy elate :
 O ! may the shield through future time,
 That all may hail you truly great !
 The bright example of your fire
 Be ever present to your eyes ;
 Let all his worth your breast inspire,
 And prove the guiding star where real glory lies !

For now fantastic Pleasure smiles,
 And decks her form with tempting wiles,

And

And trims her barge, and hoists the fail,
 And bids you trust her fickle gale :—
 For now the world, with dulcet charms,
 Attracts the sight, and lures the mind ;
 And Vice, seductive, opes her arms,
 And becks from Virtue's fence, and seeks consent to find.

With cautious step those syrens shun,
 Their first allurements dare refuse ;
 Pursue the plan so well begun ;—
 Retain your principles and views.
 The splendid race from which you spring,
 Your friends, your country claim your care ;
 A chaplet to their honour bring,
 Wove of every virtue rare.
 If martial courage fire your breast,
 Lo ! great CHURCHILL points the road ;
 In arms, the hero bold confest,
 In clemency how like a god !

M

But,

But, should you choose the happier fate
 Of him who wins the civic crown,
 By peaceful arts who saves a state,
 And links the public safety with his own:—

Or, should the rural Powers contend
 Your heart from active life to bend,
 And Science all her splendours spread
 Around your consecrated head;
 In either path bright GLORY's found;—
 She views the man—and laughs at empty sound!

And, O! as years wing on their way,
 And, circling, turn your natal day,
 May added store of every bliss
 In bright assemblage fill your breast;
 And time unite with happiness,
 To sweeten life's extended feast,
 And glad its latest hours with undiminish'd zest!

O D E XIX.

CHARGE TO THE NAIADS,

ON LAUNCHING THE SOVEREIGN, A MAGNIFICENT
PLEASURE-BOAT, ON THE LAKE AT
BLENHEIM, JULY 27,

MDCCLXXXVII.

YE NAIADS! who, with conscious pride,
O'er BLENHEIM's spacious lakes preside,
And in the sweet pellucid wave
Your spotless forms delight to lave,
O hither turn your azure eyes!
O here, in all your charms, arise!
To welcome, on the liquid way,
Yon gilded bark, that courts your sway;
That longs to press your crystal streams,
To cheer your caves with passing gleams;

Or, anchor'd on the level tide,
To throw a bright effulgence wide.

Ye placid powers ! that dread no storms,
Whose reign no dismal scene deforms ;

But as you quit your pearly beds,
And as you lift your lovely heads,

Hear only Echo waft around

The melting notes of magic sound,

Or fix your views on waving groves

Where sylvan PAN enraptur'd roves ;

O deign to hear my votive prayer !

O make this splendid charge your care !

Around it play in sportive ring ;—

Your choicest blessings hither bring ;—

Arrest the hand of wreckful Time,

Endow it with perennial prime ;

And may the name * august it bears,

Avail it through the lapse of years ;

* The SOVEREIGN, so called in honour of His Majesty.

Your impulse lend the sweeping oars,
 To waft it round these bloomy shores;
 Or, should some select station please,
 Smooth every wave, lull every breeze!

And when beneath its stately dome,
 The fair, the good, delight to come;
 When MARLBRO' leads her lovely train,
 And Graces deck your watery reign;
 When worth and wit assemble here,
 To pass the hour in social cheer;
 May purest joys pervade each breast,
 And Pleasure smile—a constant guest!
 May Fancy dream of bliss alone,
 And cares and fears be all unknown!

ODE XX.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY ANNE SPENCER,

ON COMPLETING HER FIFTEENTH YEAR, NOV. 5,

MDCCLXXXVIII.

THE Muse so oft has strung her lyre .

To celebrate some natal hour,

That Fancy scarcely dares aspire

To cull a fresh poetic flower :

Yet well the brightest flowers would suit

The opening bloom of gay fifteen ;

And sweetly soft might breathe the lute,

And Fancy kindle at the scene.

But

But TRUTH recalls from fairy land,

Where erst my youthful footsteps stray'd;—

Accept an offering from her hand—

She comes in simple guise array'd.—

She calls—and let her guileless speech

Acceptance find, and warm the heart;

For higher can her maxims reach,

Than all the gaudy gloss of Art.

By her inspir'd—O let me tell

What Rank and Beauty seldom hear!

“ That virtue is the only spell,

“ The varied path of life to cheer :

“ That Hope's young eye, with eager glance,

“ Full often sees ideal bliss ;

“ And painted vapours gaily dance,

“ And spread illusive happiness :

“ That sober Reason finds the cheat,—

“ Thrice happy ! should her early view

“ The visionary forms defeat,

“ And, for the fleeting, fix the true.”

Such blifs be yours—betimes to know

The future hinges on the past ;

That every joy which blooms below,

Must bear Reflection’s glafs to laft.

The pleasure pure—the limpid breast,

That feels no guile, and heaves no sigh,

And fair Content—angelic gueft !

And Innocence, with dauntlefs eye—

As now—fo ever fhed their balm,

Each threat’ning ftorm of life remove ;

Nor paffions ftir the halcyon calm,—

Save thofe of friendship, and of love !

Bright

Bright as your own maternal star,
To future poets may you shine,
And Time, triumphant from afar,
Confirm this votive verse of mine !

And long may this auspicious day *,
To BRITAIN'S saving Genius dear,
Revist you with partial ray,
And prove the happiest in the year !

* The Anniversary of the Revolution, of which this is the centenary.

O D E XXI.

WRITTEN IN THE

TEMPLE OF HEALTH

AT GREAT BARRINGTON,

THE SEAT OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE COUNTESS TALBOT,
NEAR THE BANKS OF THE WINDRUSH.

BLEST HEALTH ! I feel thy genial tide
Through all my veins, unfetter'd, glide ;
Around me lavish Nature pours
Her odorous store of blooming flowers ;
Through all yon high umbrageous grove,
The little warblers sing of love ;
ETESIAN gales, inspiring, play,
To wake the Muse's hallow'd lay ;

And

And every beauty paints the ground,

And every pleasure smiles around.

But, ah ! my heart, too soft to bear

The galling load of unjust care,

Unfit to meet life's varied woes,

O'erlooks those scenes that interpose,

Where taste and nature are combin'd

To please a TALBOT's polish'd mind.

Sure LIFE is but a painful dream,

Where Bliss scarce darts a transient gleam ;—

A land by Fancy painted gay,

But cut with many a thorny way ;

Where Ignorance alone can taste

The luxury of the tainted feast !

In youth, the prospect opens fair ;—

Fallacious joy dispreads her snare ;

Fond Hope, with eager eye, pervades

A world of joy, nor dreams of shades.

In specious guise warm Friendship stands,

With open heart, and ready hands ;

While

While Love invites to myrtle bowers,
 And laughing Cupids glad the hours.
 On me those fair deceivers smil'd,
 Their glozing arts my youth beguil'd ;
 Fond easy Faith my bosom fir'd,—
 I felt, as Truth divine inspir'd ;
 And, foe to Art's fictitious way,
 In NATURE's * praise I fram'd the lay.
 Oft, WINDRUSH ! on thy willow'd side,
 I've sung in all the Muse's pride ;
 Thy smooth meanders idly trac'd,
 Without a care to vex my breast ;
 Indulg'd the fond enthusiast's dream,
 That men were really what they seem ;
 That love was pure, and friendship strong,
 And happiness still fresh and young.
 The baseless vision disappears,
 And flees the test of riper years ;

* See Ode to NATURE.

The painted meteor dies away,
 As Reason pours her lucid ray ;
 And Life, in genuine tints, is shewn,—
 But fair and lovely while unknown ;
 A state where storms and waves assail,
 The bitter pang, the adverse gale ;
 Where Virtue cannot promise bliss,
 Nor injur'd Honour meet redress.

ETERNITY ! to thee I fly—
 To thee I ope my ardent eye :
 Above this little scene of things,
 My soul ascends on Hope's bold wings ;
 Where GOD his creature's name will own,
 As low I bend before his throne ;
 Where Faith will meet its due reward,
 And Virtue merit Heaven's regard !

O D E XXII.

CARLOC AND ORRA.

IN IMITATION OF OSSIAN.

Supposed from the ERSE.

— ET MINI VINCERE FAS SIT!

ANON.

DY'D in gore, and gash'd with wounds,
Valiant Champion, mount thy steed;
Horrific War its clarion sounds,
Rise and grasp thy sword with speed!

If ever ORRA touch'd thy heart,
Or her regard you wish'd to gain,
Fly!—thy present aid impart;
Meet her foes on yonder plain.

Lo!

Lo ! the ruthless IRVAN pours
Crimson'd hofts around my walls ;
Wild Passion on his eye-brow lours ;—
Dismay my best-tried friends appals.

To snatch me from thy plighted love,
The robber's deep-laid art he tries :
Haste ! O haste ! and yonder prove
Thy title to my partial eyes !—

Thus spoke the maid : the hero's soul
Already deem'd the mandate slow ;
Revenge and love by turns controul—
By turns urge on his haste to go.

The valiant clans around him spread,
By arms and martial feats allied ;
With lengthen'd shouts his courage fed,
And IRVAN's shielded ranks defied.

The

The squadrons meet ; the faulchion broad
 On either side mow'd ranks away ;
 Across the field grim Horror rode,
 And clouds of dust involv'd the day.

The war-voic'd CARLOC dauntless plied
 Where thickest hosts enclose his foe ;
 His ardent guards, in Glory's pride,
 Already deem stern IRVAN low.

But, ah ! how short the laurel'd bloom,
 That forms the bravest warrior's crown !
 How soon the Fates their gifts resume,
 And smiling Fortune wears a frown !

No sooner IRVAN met his eyes,
 Than CARLOC hurl'd the well-pois'd spear :
 The hostile shield the stroke defies,
 And countless foes surround his rear.

Brave

Brave CARLOC's troops ill-fated strove

To break the phalanx firm and strong ;

The Chief himself, inspir'd by love,

Nor less by rage, resisted long.

With many a shout he calls his bands ;

Alas ! no cheering shout returns ;

While like the mountain-rock he stands,

And circling hosts intrepid spurs.

At length, by IRVAN's hand oppress'd,

He fell ; and, falling, stabb'd his foe :

A mutual wound transfix'd each breast,

Nor ebb'd each vital current flow.

The dismal tale to ORRA came !

No frantic grief her face deforms ;

She neither weeps, nor wails her flame,

Nor with a woman's weakness storms :

N

But

But rushing to th' ensanguin'd plain,

She fought the place where CARLOC lay,

With dauntless soul explor'd the slain,

To find her ill-farr'd lover's clay.

She found him gash'd with many a wound ;

She kiss'd his gore-distained face :

Then rais'd his cold corse from the ground,

And, dying, gave a last embrace.

SYLVA,

S Y L V A,
O R
MISCELLANIES.

N 2

SYLVIA

MISCELLANIES

I.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

TE RERUM DEUS ALME CANAM, DOMINUMQUE, PATREMQUE?
MAGNE PARENS, SANCTA QUAM MAJESTATE VERENDUM,
ÆTHERIS ÆTERNAS RECTOR MOLIRIS HABENAS!

WHERE soars my Muse on bold adventurous wing?
What theme invites—while towering Fancy dares
To lift th' enraptur'd soul above the stars?
A theme adapted to celestial choirs,
That in sweet strains surround th' eternal King, 5
And teach his praises to the ambient spheres:
Yet tho' Heaven's concave echo to their notes,
And flaming stars reverberate the sound,
Prostrate they bend before the lofty throne,
And own their voice is low.—What then am I?

Compar'd with them, more worthless than the dust,
More feeble than the worm on which I tread.

But, O ! ye angels, aid a mortal's lay,
And grant a spark divine—my soul attune
To laud the boundless and efficient course 15
Of more than dim-ey'd Nature can discern—
Of more ten thousand times than fancy bold
Can raise ideal in the musing breast.

And thou, JEHOVAH ! who late bad'st me rise
From unsubstantial night and sleep profound, 20
And from the womb of dark non-entity
Bespok'st me into life—gav'st me to lift
My brow aloft, and drink the silver light,
Pure effluence of thyself—assist my voice,
While my weak tribute to thy throne I raise ! 25

Almighty Regent of unbounded space !
Where shall my praise begin, where end my theme ?
Thou, source of all ! with glory compass'd round,
And in thy essence most supremely blest,
Knew'st no deficiency, nor a void ingrate, 30

When

When all was blank. Ere time's contracted span
 Was sever'd from eternity's vast tide,
 To measure days and years—ere Chaos rude
 Felt thy pervading spirit, and obey'd
 The fiat of Omnipotence—Thy breath 35
 To beauteous order, dignity, and grace,
 Reduc'd the seeds in Nature's darksome womb,
 And wak'd to harmony each jarring mass.
 By thee the golden sun, emerging high
 From jumbled chaos, first was taught to shine, 40
 And dissipate night's dark primæval gloom.
 Fix'd in the centre of a thousand spheres,
 Thou bad'st his bright effulgent beams elance
 Their heat prolific o'er unmeasur'd space.
 By thee the lamps diffusely spread around 45
 From centre to the poles, were lighted up,
 To decorate the pure ethereal vault,
 And shed a lustre on the face of night.
 Some, taught by thee, in certain orbits roll,
 Nor deviate from their path—others fix'd, 50

Their twinkling splendour still emit unchang'd.
 Thy hand to comets mark'd th' eccentric track
 Throughout the vast illimitable void,
 Assign'd their periods, check'd their dire career,
 While atheists learn to tremble and adore. 55
 Bright worlds on worlds immeasurably spread
 In boundless space, immensity profound,
 Own thy creative power and skill divine.
 This pendent ball was rounded into form,
 And dropp'd well fashion'd from thy plastic hand ; 60
 Thy power uprais'd the mountain's airy top,
 And bade the vales subside—the channel scoop'd
 For limpid streams, and mark'd their mazy way
 To the vast ocean. *That* in bounds confin'd
 The watery world, and limited its reign. 65
 When swelling surges strive to lash the stars,
 And raging billows roar indignant round
 The ambient shores, and dash th' objected cliffs,
 They feel thy fiat—they attend thy voice,
 And keep the barrier of Omnipotence. 70

In verdant vesture thou array'dst the globe,
 And gav'st the uberous soil to teem when fresh
 With vegetation in luxuriance rich.
 Fair in the vales uprise the smiling flowers
 In gaudy tints and variegated hues, 75
 Diffusing balmy sweets—protrude the trees
 Their blossoms gay, or laugh in clusters full,
 And lowly shrubs in germination bloom ;
 While spiry forests crown the lofty hills,
 And wave their airy tops, and mix their boughs. 80
 At thy command, prolific Nature swarm'd
 With tribes innumerable, different as the ends
 For which eternal Wisdom form'd their powers :
 Yet all are perfect—all proclaim thy skill,
 And shout in various symphony thy praise. 85
 From thee all sprang—thy perspicacious eye
 Sees myriads countless as the noontide rays
 Diffus'd from Sol's bright orb—their parts minute,
 Though less than atoms, yet are all complete.
 Not more the monster's, whose appalling step 90
 Shakes

Shakes the strong surface of this solid ball,
 And bids defiance to subduing man,
 Intractable and fierce. Earth, air, and seas,
 Replete by thee still teem with life profuse,
 And still shall teem till Time forget to flow.

95

And last, but chiefest of thy works below,
 Thou formedst Man, adorn'd with every grace
 That can bespeak his origin divine.

Thou trimm'dst the lamp of reason in his breast,
 And bad'st its ray illumine his every step,

100

And point the path to bliss; design'd for ends
 More noble—more exalted than the beasts
 That graze the fields around—By instinct led,
 Its mandate they obey, and know no more.

But thou on man bestow'dst th' immortal soul,
 The mind capacious, and the brow erect;
 Taught'st him to soar above this little scene,

105

This sublunary site, and mount the skies,
 From which the essence of his soul derives
 Its grand extraction. In miniature

110

Display'd

Display'd in him we see creative skill,
Power unconstrain'd, and majesty divine.

Great King of all, that breathes the vital air!

Regent of vast interminable space!

The meanest of thy works declares the hand 115

That rais'd their structure and compos'd their parts

To be omnipotent and unconfin'd;

While rolling spheres and congregated seas,

Innumerable systems, and prolific suns

Can only tell the same. Awake! my soul, 120

Awake! and join the chorus of creation.

O, every faculty awake to hail

The Architect of all! ALMIGHTY CAUSE

Of causes—Source of every bliss refin'd—

Invisible JEHOVAH, infinite! 125

That rules the whirlwind, and the thunder hurls

To shake th' ethereal vault—that bids

The lightning's flash tremendous cleave the sky,

And rides on stormy blasts—thy power maintains

This vast stupendous frame, this wondrous whole: 130

All

All nature owns thy providential care;
 And were thy hand withdrawn—the jarring spheres
 Would tumble into ruin—central suns expire,
 And Chaos rude assume his pristine reign.

LORD! what is Man, amid this varied scene 135
 Of space infinite, by thy essence fill'd?
 A feeble atom—made by th' unerring will
 Of thee—to tread th' unbroken chain of fate,
 Till swallow'd up by time all-bearing down.

Yet thou vouchsaf'st to hear his humble cry— 140
 Thy eye omniscient sees his every want—
 Thy mild benevolence regards his prayers.
 When all was lost—when nature mourn'd his lapse,
 And groaning worlds gave signs of grief sincere,
 But none could aid—no art the loss immense 145
 Retrieve—when from the gulf of hell profound
 Burst from its chains of adamant, immur'd
 With triple walls, the Fiend of guilty mien,
 Terrific Death close-stalking by his side,
 And overcame the Favourite of the skies— 150

Thy

Thy pitying breast, with warm compassion mov'd,
 Contriv'd a plan to save the human race
 From utter ruin, from eternal woe,
 From the abyss of uncombustive flame,
 From racks 'Tartarean, and that hell—Despair ! 155

The brightest seraph cannot comprehend—
 The hosts of Heaven around th' empyreal throne,
 Struck dumb, in silent transport and amaze,
 Contemplate thy exuberance of love !
 THOU gav'st thine ONLY SON—O love immense ! 160
 To expiate our crimes, and wash from sin,
 To suffer scoffs and ignominious death
 From those he bled to save. O blessed King !
 Dread Sovereign of the skies, and soul of all !
 5 Diffolve th' insensate heart in flowing tears 165
 Of gratitude deep felt. Let mercy sweet—
 Let boundless mercy and redeeming love,
 Remain my darling themes. O teach my soul
 At thoughts of those to spurn life's little cares,
 50 Its idly vexing woes—and let the muse 170
 hy Catch

Catch inspiration from her blissful song,
Till in the regions of eternal day
She sing enraptur'd, and renew the strain
With energy divine—and bid the spheres
To echo at each sound—REDEEMING LOVE ! 175

II.

THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

DIFFUGERE NIVES, REDEUNT JAM GRAMINA CAMPIS,
ARBORIBUSQUE COMÆ :
MUTAT TERRÆ VICES.

HOR.

COME, lovely FLORA, aid me to pourtray
The smiling beauties of the vernal day ;
The grateful season that fresh life inspires,
Wakes the dull spirits, and relumes their fires ;
That bids dead Nature gayest colours wear, 5
And paints with every hue th' unfolding year !

As when from silent shades and gloomy night
Joyous we rise, and hail the new-born light,
Shake off the chains of lethargy, to hear
Harmonious music charm the ravish'd ear ; 10
By sleep refresh'd, by rest again made strong,
Mix in the scene, and join the busy throng :

Thus

Thus view creation's wide extended plain,
 Where fullen Winter held its dreary reign ;
 Where frost and snow deform'd each fertile vale, 15
 The driving tempest, and the rattling hail,
 Now spring the flowers, now teems the verdant ground,
 And the gay landscape brightens all around ;
 Each plant resumes its native form and dye,
 Some ting'd with red, some emulate the sky : 20
 All, in the purest elegance of dress,
 Welcome the Spring, its power benign confess !

How sweet the morn, how fair the rising dawn !
 How bright the sun-beams quivering o'er the lawn !
 The new-cloth'd earth inhales Apollo's ray, 25
 And Nature glories in his equal sway ;
 Creation's hymns ascend the source of light,
 Whose golden splendours chase the brumal night ;
 Whose genial heat o'erpowers the frigid north,
 Sheds plenty round, and calls fresh beauties forth. 30
 Deep, deep, I hear each object swell the strain,
 Exulting in auspicious Phœbus' reign ;

Ev'n things inanimate their incense raise,
 And what was mute, grows vocal in his praise.
 While ancient Deities are all forgot, 35

Sleep in contempt, or undisturbed rot;
 While JUPITER enrag'd can storm no more,
 Nor NEPTUNE roll his billows to the shore;
 While EGYPT's gods no linen-priests surround,
 And leeks, unhonour'd, clothe her fertile ground *; 40
 Wife PERSIA's god majestic keeps his sphere †,
 Whom rolling worlds with all their tribes revere.

Be calm, ye storms; ye tempests, rage no more,
 Nor waste your fury on the rocky shore;
 Mild flow, ye waves; ye winds, no longer sweep, 45
 With awful madness, o'er th'expanded deep;
 Nor dare deform the lustre of the day;
 A milder reign succeeds, a gentler sway!

Come, beauteous Spring! come, hasten with thy train,
 The Loves and Graces wait upon thy reign! 50

* Alluding to the ancient Egyptian form of worship.

† The Sun was adored by the Persians.

The fairest flowers that early Nature yields,
 And rise spontaneous in the fertile fields,
 Or grace the banks of pure meand'ring rills,
 Or love the sunshine on the sloping hills;
 With richest gems supply thy regal crown, 55
 And verdure as a garment flows around.
 For thee again the birds resume their song,
 Raise high their notes, and the glad strains prolong;
 Their soft descant they teach the neighbouring grove,
 And each close shade bears witness to their love. 60
 Nor these alone;—through wide creation's space,—
 From the low insect to the human race,
 All hail thy influence, bless thy friendly power,
 Thou sweet enlivener of life's gloomy hour!
 While aromatic plants perfume the air, 65
 And flowers and shrubs are deck'd supremely fair;
 As o'er their heads the balmy zephyrs play,
 And gently fan them all the live-long day,
 The sons of age feel happier scenes return,
 With joys renew'd, and fresh emotions burn; 70

Shake

Shake off the languor of oppressive years,

And gain a respite from obtruding fears.

Soon as the bird of morn proclaims the dawn,

And quits, on fluttering wing, the dewy lawn,

Forth rush the swains, inur'd to hardy toil, 75

To break the glebe, and fertilise the soil ;

With cheerful hearts their constant labour ply,

Till Sol's bright beams desert the western sky :

Then homeward bending, taste unbroken rest,

And not an anxious care disturbs their breast ; 80

Save, where fond love attacks the feeling heart,

And the soft passions generous warmth impart

Save, where the lover, pensive and alone,

Makes woods and caves re-echo to his moan ;

And every thought intent on some coy fair, 85

With bitter wailing fills the ambient air.

Almighty Love ! say whence those melting fires,

Those glowing transports, and those soft desires,

That warm the soul, and every sense refine,

Exalt the low, and make th' unpolish'd shine ? 90

From Nature all—from Nature's God they flow,
 Who bade the breast with pure emotions glow ;
 When heaven-born Virtue binds with sacred ties,
 And smiling Beauty fascinates the eyes.
 He, Source of all, adorns the laughing day, 95
 And bids the flow'rs their gaudy tints display :
 With vernal gales dispenses bliss and ease,
 And makes each season minister to please.

III.

THE ROLL OF BEAUTY.

'TIS Beauty calls—blest'd Candour guide the lay,
That trembling dares bright ——'s fair pourtray !
O ! spread thy veil where Reason can't approve,
And teach my heart to melt with social love ;
With warm regard the lovely to defend, 5
Or only hint the blemish they may mend.
And thou, LUCINDA, smile upon the strain,
Or *Pindus*' sacred maids inspire in vain !

As 'midst the flow'rs that deck some vernal bed,
And all their fragrance on the senses shed, 10
The eye, distracted, o'er their beauty roves,
Nor can select, but each in turn approves ;
So roves the Muse, ambitious to embrace
The loveliest nymph, her blooming wreath to grace ;

Nor, PARIS-like, can throw the glittering prize, 15
 While DAPHNE'S *shape* contends with STELLA'S *eyes* ;
 While PHEBE'S *lustre* ev'ry bosom warms,
 And *majesty* adorns MONIMIA'S charms.

Let chance direct—and lo ! an angel bright,
 Gay in her air, and graceful to the sight : 20
 'Tis fair CLEORA ! see, the splendours spread ;
 Her lucid orbs the bright effulgence shed !
 Each look beams love !—ye heedless mortals, fly ;
 For dull the heart that feels not when she's nigh,
 And false the tongue that dares asperse her name ; 25
 Alike she shines in beauty as in fame !

And see each modest grace in DELIA'S air,
 Blooming as youth, and innocent as fair ;
 Mild as the beams that deck the vernal morn,
 And sweet as odours from the blossom'd thorn. 30
 Her artless manners speak the mind serene ;
 Too wise for pride, too humble to be vain ;
 From wit affected, and from folly free,
 She charms with delicate simplicity.

With

With every grace, see FLAVIA appears !

35

The noblest form, the finest shape she wears ;

A thousand darts are brandish'd from her eyes,

And from her air resistless lightning flies.

With pointed wit, and energy of thought,

The wise are vanquish'd, and the fools are taught ; 40

But native pride each tender passion wounds,

And less she's blest'd, the more her sense abounds !

Would FLAVIA taste the purest joys of life,

Whether as maid, as mother, or as wife ;

From milder manners let her form her own,

45

And be for sweetness as for spirit known.

AMELIA comes, with soft and placid mien !

The purest elegance supports her train ;

The symmetry of shape, of ease the grace,

Lives in her form, and smiles upon her face.

50

To Virtue's precepts uniformly true,

Her heart deceit and falsehood never knew ;

Ne'er specious glaz'd, with guilty craft conceal'd,

Or heav'd the wish that might not be reveal'd.

She to sound judgment joins a temper sweet ; 55

When grave not gloomy, and when gay discreet :

With goodness blends each passion of her breast,

And her sole pride's to imitate the best,

If charm the fair when gaiety is o'er,

And giddy visions vex the heart no more ; 60

When youthful bloom is verging to decline,

And time matures the beauties of the mind :

Behold ASTREA ! mark her sober air,

Look on her heart, and lay her bosom bare !

There Guilt and Vice a refuge never found, 65

For Prudence' dictates all her actions bound.

And didst thou, DAPHNE, to these pleasing smiles

Unite that sense which every soul beguiles,

How hadst thou shone distinguish'd 'midst the fair,

And taught the boldest Love's soft bands to bear ! 70

For thine the life that malice cannot blame,

The virtuous love of truth, the spotless fame ;

For thine the eyes that speak the native heart,

Gay without guile, and open without art,

But

But why, PRUDENTIA, that sarcastic sneer, 75
 When Fashion's plumes, or Gaiety draws near ?
 If Heav'n has giv'n you sense, as some confess,
 Would complaisance and candour make it less ?
 Would it debase thy worth, thy beauty spoil,
 To clothe those features with a harmless smile ; 80
 To drop the look demure, the formal air,
 And dress, and think, and talk, like other fair ?
 True female beauty is an air divine,
 That should in ev'ry look and action shine :
 In no fix'd tints its lovely image glows, 85
 Nor asks the lily blended with the rose,
 The coral lip, and penetrating eye ;
 But should o'er all the form diffusive fly,
 Inspire each motion, wake each winning grace,
 Smile in the look, and blush upon the face. 90

ASPASIA smiles ! nor softer is the gale
 That gently fans the flow'r-embroider'd vale ;
 And sweet the accents of that silver tongue,
 As when an angel's golden harp is strung !

She

She looks good-nature, emulous to please, 95
And breathes around complacency and ease.

MELISSA next the beauteous roll shall grace,
For parts superior well deserve a place.
Here mental stores protract the dying bloom,
Give present joy, and hope in years to come ; 100
Amend each charm, th' exterior form improve,
And point the shafts that kindle lasting love.—
While affability and candour please,
And wit refin'd from satire's bitter lees ;
While taste and judgment may distinction claim, 105
MELISSA's character shall merit fame.

Come, ELOISE ! for innocence in thee
United shines with soft simplicity.
Thy tender breast no crime did ever stain,
Thy tongue ne'er gave a momentary pain : 110
The female arts thou never knew'st to try,
Or frame a thought not written in thine eye.
Celestial Innocence, array'd in white !
First-born of Paradise, and child of Light !

'Tis

'Tis with thy lustre, beauty only shines, 115
 Steals on our hearts, and captivates our minds;
 Devoid of thee, the finest features die,
 Pall on the sense, and disappoint the eye.

Thy mincing mien, my MEMIA, claims the lay,
 Though beauty shone not on thy natal day! 120
 Yet, did thy charms the queen of love outvie,
 And Cupids shot the lightning from thine eye.
 Such affectation would destroy their pow'r,
 And loose those slaves thy merit might secure;
 For spotless virtue sanctifies thy name, 125
 And truth must own a life that knows no blame;
 A polish'd judgment, delicately nice,
 And heart that bears no hatred—but to vice.

But know, FLAVILLA, that affected smile,
 And MEMIA's manners plac'd in poorer soil; 130
 Those antics spun from easy *politesse*,
 Thy nodding motions, and fantastic dress;
 May please the simple, steal upon the crowd,
 But never charm the well-bred, wise, or good.

FLAVILLA, hear! the Muse will set you right; 135

Be but yourself, and you will be polite :

Affect no graces, but what Nature gave,

And all your idle imitations wave.

Most charm the fair, when least their art we see;

Nor need I other proof, but only thee. 140

The lovely contrast in LAVINIA shines,

In whose just praise e'en hateful envy joins.

Of sober manners, and of heart sincere,

Peace in her eye, composure in her air :

Warm to her friends, and faithful to her trust, 145

Can hear a secret, and can yet be just ;

Can charm with sense beyond the reach of art,

And shews bright virtue glowing at her heart.

O Distance, sink—give MIRA to my view !

A fairer image Fancy never drew ! 150

With thee a thousand charms and graces fled ;

Thine eyes the sweet delicious poison shed ;

O'er all thy form unnumber'd beauties stray,

And blooming Venus yields thee half her sway.

Return,

Return, return ! and shine among the fair ; 155

For thee thy ——— prefers his anxious pray'r.

Hence, HECATISSA !—know, my well-bred Muse,
Nor courts thy favour, nor with hate pursues ;
She deals no flatt'ry, draws no worthless name,
Nor lifts thy mask, to light the blush of shame. 160

But who is this that bursts upon my sight,
With ev'ry charm that can inspire delight ?

'Tis Juno's presence, and majestic mien ;
Those smiles are borrow'd from the Paphian queen !
And hark ! the busy whispers round proclaim 165

The bright LUCINDA's lov'd and honour'd name.

Each nymph retires ; nor wit nor beauty dare
Abide the contest, and with her compare.

Such num'rous charms in her concentred shine,
The fairest fade, and shun the air divine. 170

Thus fades the humble lily of the vale,
When blows the rose, and scents the ambient gale ;

Thus fly the stars that stud the azure sky,
When fair Aurora opes her purple eye.

O were

O were my pow'rs but equal to my theme, 175
 Poetic flow'rs should strew LUCINDA's name !
 I'd paint her beauties in immortal song,
 And numbers such as flow'd from Dryden's tongue ;
 Nor should a smile, a winning grace be lost,
 When kingdoms fall, and temples sink in dust. 180
 Ah ! how unequal to the task my lays ;
 Let others praise her deck'd with happier bays !
 For me, let truth inelegantly tell,
 The brightest virtues in her bosom dwell ;
 That wit, well temper'd, joins with sense refin'd, 185
 And ev'ry thought bespeaks the polish'd mind ;
 That candour, taste, and elegance, and ease,
 Unite their charms, with manners form'd to please !
 That all that's lovely, amiable, sweet,
 In bless'd assemblage in her tempers meet : 190
 That Heav'n, tho' bounteous, could bestow no more,
 And Grace on her has lavish'd all its store !

Here cease my strains—tho' yet remain unsung
 Full many a maid, in beauty blooming young ;

Full many a flow'r, just bursting on the day, 195

As Hebe gentle, and as Flora gay.

For these some youth may tune the future lyre,

And from their charms inhale poetic fire :

Enough for me, that with no partial aim,

I sung of Beauty, for I felt its flame ; 200

And if I wish——O let not Beauty frown ;

Its smiles are dearer than the laurel crown !

IV.

A NATIONAL CASE.

WRITTEN IN MDCCLXXXIII.

THE patriot pleads—the grave divine implores
To turn destruction from BRITANNIA'S shores :
In powerful eloquence they mourn our fate ;
One rates the Junto, and one blames the Great.
Where lies the cause, all eyes can clearly see ;
But each one swears—it cannot rest with me !
Though gamester, scoundrel, traitor, or what not,
One cannot save, or send the State to pot !
Go, fools ! and learn, that, in his single sphere,
Each can be loyal, pious, and sincere ;
That one example may infect a crowd,
Or one conduce to make a nation good.

While

While GEORGE's virtues dignify the throne,
 And CHARLOTTE shines with beauties all her own ;
 While LOWTH * and MOORE † unsullied lives display,
 Vice from their presence shrinks, abash'd, away.
 But still too weak their lustre, to pervade
 A nation's limits, and a night of shade.
 More lamps we need, to shine with native light ;
 To shame the villain, and allure to right :
 For vain the patriot's boast, the preacher's prayer,
 Unless their lives their lips' impresson bear.

* Bishop of London.

† Archbishop of Canterbury.

IN PRAISE OF DULNESS.

O fortunati sulti—sua sibi ona norint.

VIRGIL.

Thrice happy fools! did they their bliss but know.

- “**T**HRICE blest the man, on whom the Muses smile,
 “ To smoothe the path of life, and pain beguile !
 “ Thrice blest the man, whom sacred Science fires,
 “ Pure Taste corrects, and Literature inspires !
 “ Thrice blest the man, who, true to Honour’s laws, 5
 “ Lives as she dictates, and supports her cause ;
 “ Who scorns to flatter, worthless fools to please,
 “ And spends his days in innocence and ease !”

Thus to the lyre with artless voice I sung,
 And thus I form’d the lay, when Time was young. 10

Now

Now late, repentant, other themes I choose,
 Despise all literature, abjure the Muse * ;
 To Lethe's stream ill-fated verse consign,
 Renounce th' ingenuous feelings of the mind ;
 Learn to detest the arts I once ador'd, 15
 And join the senseless crew, the Dunciad horde.

A fated victim to your altar bound,
 Let all your priests, O Dulness ! shout around !
 Prepare the leaden crown, the poppy wreath,
 Thro' all my foul thy dark contagion breathe. 20
 So shall thy votaries deem me fit to rise,
 And, as they smoke their pipes, proclaim me wise ;
 So shall each club, where Folly reigns supreme,
 O'er opiate liquors celebrate my name.

How blest the man whom Dulness calls her own ! 25
 To whom the charms of Taste are all unknown ;
 Who never felt the thirst of letter'd praise,
 Or tried by mental powers himself to raise ;

* *Arantium iræ amoris integratio est.*

Who, like the beasts, one steady tenor keeps,
 And just as Nature prompts—eats, drinks, and sleeps! 30
 But woe to him who courts the olive crown,
 And grasps the phantom of a learn'd renown!
 Transcendant blockheads prey upon his heart,
 Fell Envy points her most envenom'd dart;
 Black Malice foams, and foul-mouth'd Slander bites, 35
 All, all attack the wretched man who writes.

O had my Sire, from whom my sorrows flow,
 But kept my notions, as my fortune, low;
 O had I shunn'd the charms of classic lore,
 And learn'd o'er ledgers and o'er news to pore; 40
 Imbib'd ideas suited to my purse,
 I ne'er had felt this literary curse!
 But partial fondness sent me to the schools,
 Ten years I spent subservient to their rules;
 No haughty pedant my young deeds displeas'd, 45
 No rival injur'd, and no parent teas'd;
 Free from the rod I spent those happy days,
 And fought no pleasure but the voice of praise.

Full oft from sleep the lazy hours I stole,
 To view the stars in bright progression roll; 50
 Full oft to Science gave the longest night,
 And still unwearied saw approaching light:—
 As years came on, the same illusion charm'd,
 The love of Science still my bosom warm'd;
 The sacred Muses woo'd me to their cell, 55
 With them, and smiling Peace, I vow'd to dwell;
 Abjur'd the midnight ball, the poison'd bowl,
 Nor suffer'd Vice to enervate my soul.
 Strong Emulation warm'd my youthful breast,
 And ardent Hope in bliss the future dress'd: 60
 The deathless wreath my temples ach'd to wear,
 And soar aloft above Detraction's air.
 The charm is burst, and vanish'd is the dream,
 Who now the friends of literature esteem?
 Who once regards the head, or minds the heart, 65
 Unless set off by patronage and art?
 Who in the wealthy sees a fool or ass,
 And who dares censure him that's well to pass?

Vice gathers strength, like snow-balls rolling on ;
While Virtue stands unshelter'd and alone !

70

Unhappy fate ! to every dunce a prey,
Affail'd, pursued by all who bark or bray ;
Traduc'd, belied, on rancour's tenters torn,
Oppress'd by ills too heavy to be borne ;
In fortune injur'd, and in fame ill paid,
And guiltless, doom'd to wither in the shade :
Who thus would fare, that safely might be free,
Thrice blest, thrice great Stupidity, with thee !

75

I come, I come ! obedient to thy will,
O shield me then from every letter'd ill !
An humble suppliant at thy shrine I stand,
Thy leaden fasces trembling in my hand ;
Thee, mighty power ! I choose to be my guide,
To you, ye drones, I claim to be allied :
Let every tongue a profelyte proclaim,
So shall I rise in fortune and in fame ;
No rival spite me, and no dunce revile,
But every face with approbation smile :

80

85

Each

Each change his note, and plead a brother's cause,
Since fools from fools are sure to gain applause ;
And all for business, trust, and place are fit,
All but the man of genius and of wit !

VI.

ADVICE TO BACCHANALIANS.

ALL ye who in drinking would wish to excel,
“ And amid jolly toppers would bear off the bell,”
Attend! and I'll teach you the high road to fame,
To laugh at the sober, and sanctify shame.

Be reason, religion, worth, fortune, and wealth,
The peace of your conscience, the pleasures of health,
Kick'd out of the balance;—for who can be gay,
While such ill-bred intruders dare come in the way?

If one tender emotion find place in your heart,
If you e'er was so weak as to die with Love's dart;
Quick banish these foibles, or cease to draw near
With awkward pretensions to rise to the CHAIR.

If a wife or a child look up for support,
 Or a parent or friend to your aid would resort,
 Renounce all those ties ere you visit the shrine
 Of Bacchus, the absolute monarch of wine.

Be curs'd all the bands that society bind,
 Warm friendship, pure honour, and love of mankind;
 Can these merit praise 'mong the heroes of drink?
 As well may the bottle assist you to think!

Thus divested of virtue—of all that the wise,
 The good, or the learned e'er studied to prize,
 Let each vice enter in, and the void be fill'd up,
 Before you pretend to drink deep of the cup.

Be your mem'ry well stored with ROCHESTER's verse,
 Unblushing, obscenity's ballad rehearse;
 Lay in stock of strange oaths, with stale jests coin'd anew,
 And such balderdash stuff as true wit never knew.

Above all, study toasts mysterious and dark,
 And allusions impure that still point to the mark ;
 Songs vile, low, and vulgar, as words will permit,
 Then may you with credit as PRESIDENT sit.

Once rais'd to this rank—and can mortals rise higher ?
 Refine in each vice, and indulge each desire ;
 Exact from your subjects submission to law,
 Or, if drunk and forgetful, still bumper their flaw,

Let noise and contention be set down for joy,
 To license give range, and reflection destroy ;
 Let the sober be lur'd, and the squeamish drawn in,
 And pronounce water-drinking a damnable sin.

But should hoary Wisdom e'er dare to intrude,
 Or Conscience find out a pretence to be rude ;
 From the bottle seek comfort—your system pursue,
 And, believe me, these bugbears will fly from your view.

Think

Think life but a jest—all its blessings but air,
 And drinking the only asylum from care :
 Thus, heedless of fate, keep incessantly mellow,
 And at last you will die a — hearty fellow.

VII.

TO A FRIEND.

“**A** GENEROUS friendship no cold medium knows,
“ But with one love—with one resentment glows.”

Thus sung the Muse whose maxims fire my breast,
And leave their stamp, indelible, imprest.

’Tis thus I live—I love—and spurn as base,

The *some things*—*nothings* of the human race,

I spurn the soul that grovels in the dust—

The half-form’d friend—too timid to be just—

The foe that spreads his arrows in the dark—

The busy tongue that wings them to their mark—

Concern affected more to point the lie,

And all the villain arts assassins try.

Nor small my pride those principles to own—

Since you confirm—and make their value known.

Congential

Congenial conduct while I trace in you,
 I'll love those sentiments, and hold them true :
 For, while the base are straining to divide,
 The knot of friendship is but closer tied.

VIII.

WISH, AT PARTING.

AROUND my fair may every joy attend,
That love sincere can wish, or Heaven can send !
On every step may guardian angels wait,
And watch thy early morn, and evening late !
May Friendship's sacred power, and social Love,
With every sweet thy bosom can approve,
Smile on thy heart, and all their influence shed,
While Distance parts me from my dearest maid !
In happy white may all thy moments flow !
So shall I less the pangs of absence know ;
So shall my days with brighter lustre shine,
For in thy happiness is centred mine !
Yet if, when friends retire, and silence reigns,
One sigh shall speak thy pity for my pains ;
That sigh alone will all my care repay,
And sooth the heart that mourns its charmer's stay.

IX.

A B S E N C E:

A P A S T O R A L.

O DID you, my DELIA, but know half the pain

That absence inflicts on my breast,
No longer you'd smile to hear me complain,
Or deem my fond tale but a jest.

Ere morn with his lustre illumines the skies,
Ere the larks and the linnets awake,
For you, my dear charmer, I pour forth my sighs,
And wish the day blest for your sake.

When night spreads her mantle bestudded with gems,
And Phœbe ascends on her throne,
To the rocks and the forests I publish my flames,
While Echo repeats every moan !

No more at the dance or the rustic's gay sport,
 The frolic or mirth of the green,
 Where the nymphs and the swains at evening resort,
 Is Daphnis—your Daphnis—e'er seen.

Were the nymphs there more fair than the beams of the
 morn,

And more sweet than the hawthorn's perfume ;
 Did the Goddess of beauty each feature adorn,
 And the rose yield its tints to their bloom :

While, DELIA, my dearest, thy absence I wail,
 Not a charm in the fairest I see ;
 Compar'd with thy lustre I think they look pale,
 And their converse is tasteless to me.

The winding deep vale, or the gloom of the grove—
 The pensive and murmuring stream,
 Delight most my heart—the fond slave of love,
 For there on my DELIA I dream.

If the turtle, pure emblem of passion sincere,

But coo her soft tale to her mate ;

If the nightingale pour her sweet notes on my ear,

I join, and the accents repeat.

Dear warblers, be still—your wish flutters near !

And well shall repay all your love ;

While I for the absent must breathe my fond care,

Nor hope that my sorrows can move.

O DELIA ! thy presence with transports can fill,

Thy smiles are more dear than the day ;

In thy converse alone I forget every ill,

And feel it return when away.

If this heart forms a wish—if this breast heaves a sigh,

Believe me, my fair, 'tis for you ;

If the tear of regard often starts in my eye,

'Tis because you are lost to my view.

No longer then doubt the firm truth of my heart,

Since by Love's mighty monarch I swear ;

Your hand would more permanent pleasure impart,

Than the crowns which great potentates wear !

X.

THE ADIEU.

AH me ! how memory wounds my breast,

Nor can I painful thoughts beguile :

For sure this bosom once was blest

With love that fed on DELIA's smile.

Now absence veils the face of day—

Now doubts distract, and fears assail ;

While Hope withdraws its faintest ray,

And Fancy only wakes to wail.

From thee, my love, I seek relief,

To thee I lift the plaintive eye :—

Alas ! thou wilt not sooth my grief,

Or scarcely give me leave to sigh !

Then welcome every pang that tears
The heart by hapless love possess—
Despair, distraction, doubts and fears,
Plant all your tortures in my breast !

O teach me how to feel excess,
Till fainting nature can no more ;
Your sharpest darts my soul shall bless,
As sooner will its ills be o'er.

For while one sense, one breath remains,
To think of thee, or speak thy name ;
I'll cherish all my tender pains—
Nor quit them with this vital flame :—

Thy sweet idea I will bear
Beyond the bounds of earth and time ;
For 'tis the presence of my dear
Will add new charms to bliss sublime.

XI.

RESIGNATION.

WHY, mighty Heaven! on me thy vengeance pour,
Spoil every joy, and poison every hour?
Why am I doom'd to never-ceasing care,
And ills you form'd me all-unfit to bear?
Is it to wean me from delusive blifs,
Gay Pleasure's dream, and mad Ambition's kifs?
Is it to lure me to a fairer sky,
Where Love still blooms, and Friendships never die?
If this the gracious purpose you ordain,
I meekly kifs the rod—nor shrink from pain,
Assur'd thy justice will at last reward,
Thy mercy shield me with a warm regard.

XII.

W I N T E R.

HUSH'D are the notes of sylvan love,
No warbler echoes through the grove ;
The russet lawns, the leafless trees,
No more enjoy the genial breeze ;
No more the flowers their tints display,
No more the fruits imbrow the spray ;
But gayless Winter mounts his throne,
And calls the subject world his own.
Hoar mists obscure the morning beam,
The mid-day sun scarce shoots a gleam ;
And soon the evening shadows fall,
And sable darkness circles all.

XIII.

AUTUMN MORNING.

THE Sun just rears his rosy head,
The twinkling dew-drops gild the spray ;
White mists disclose the river's bed,
And Nature breathes her matin lay.

Gay CERES yellows o'er the plain ;
The early reaper hies to toil ;
Beneath him sinks the bearded grain,
While Love repays him with a smile.

The hind beholds, with joy possest,
The copious treasures autumn pours ;
And, as the pleasure thrills his breast,
Hails the morning's tranquil hours.

The sportsman, rous'd from light repose,
Calls on Ponto's favourite name :—
The faithful dog's sagacious nose
Soon betrays the latent game.

Quick " short thunder" rends the skies ;
The whirring partridge droops her wing :
Her mate in wild disorder flies,
And mourns the blasted hopes of spring.

Thus our joys, too dearly bought,
Full often cause another's pain ;
And, weigh'd in calm impartial thought,
Some loss lamented swells our gain.

XIV.

THE INVOCATION.

T O M I R A.

THE fairest flower that sips the dew,
And sheds the rich perfume,
Than lovely MIRA is less sweet,
And less its beauteous bloom.

The rose-bud bursting into day,
By no rude touch defil'd,
Is not more pure than MIRA's heart,
Nor vernal suns more mild.

If, VENUS, with a favouring ear
Thou ever heard'st a prayer,
This blooming flower protect and guide
With all a parent's care !

Let no rude storm—no chilling air
Prevent her opening charms ;
And should a danger hover near,
O shield her in thy arms !

So when Time ripens every grace,
And calls forth every sweet,
In HER each heart will own THY sway,
And worship at thy feet.

XV.

ON SEEING FLAVIA WEEP.

O LET not sorrow heave that breast,
By all the gentle Loves possess'd ;
O let not tears bedim that eye,
Where Cupids arm'd in ambush lie ;
O let no other passions move,
Save those of friendship and of love !

What have I said ? That trickling tear
Has not its source in selfish fear—
Flows not spontaneous to the will,
To deprecate or wail some ill ;
But, prompted by the tender mind
That feels concern for all mankind,
Falls as a tribute—how divine !
At sacred Friendship's hallow'd shrine.

Yet

Yet O! dear maid—if Heav'n would hear
 A fond enthusiast's ardent prayer,
 No native care your heart should know—
 Nor ev'n your tear for others flow,
 But Bliss on you with waving wing
 Its choicest store of pleasures fling;
 While deep it veils the sight of pain,
 And only shews Affection's reign!

XVI.

BIRTH-DAY CRAMBO.

THE RHYMES SUPPLIED BY A YOUNG LADY, AND FILLED UP,
FOR HER FRIEND.

MILD as the dawn of smiling MAY,
Appears my W—L—R's natal DAY :
The guardian powers that watch'd her BIRTH,
By clearest signs confess her WORTH.

O ANNA ! this weak verse RECEIVE,
And all the Poet's heart BELIEVE !
In many a scene of life APPROV'D,
From infancy esteem'd, BELOV'D ;
May friendship grow with added YEARS,
And faith, well-tried, extinguish FEARS !

By each admir'd, by all CARESS'D,
With every joy O be thou BLESS'D !
With Fortune's smile, and rosy HEALTH,
With Friends, and Love, and Peace, and WEALTH :
In short—may all the stores of PLEASURE
Flow on my ANNA without MEASURE !

XVII.

TO CLARA,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

WHAT tribute can the Poet pay
 To grace his CLARA's natal day ?
 Shall he in smooth melodious verse
 Her charms, her wit, her worth rehearse ;
 Or shall he breathe the votive prayer,
 And bid her every blessing share ?
 My strains, dear nymph, I know not why,
 Must not paint your piercing eye ;
 I dare not tell how many darts
 You shoot at poor unthinking hearts,
 And, should your arrows fail to hit,
 How you wound with sparkling wit !

Nor

Nor must I try your worth to praise,

I'm dazzled with its powerful blaze—

My sense of it—can verse declare ?

No ! search my heart—you'll find it there.

What then remains for me to say ?

How can I tune a grateful lay ?

In wishing well I can't offend,

And, Heaven ! my ardent vows attend !

May all the sweets of mutual love—

All the joys the happy prove—

Friends, and health, and heart-felt peace,

And life's long day, and tranquil ease,

Be my lovely maiden's fate,

Then who would sigh for guilty state ?

Who would stoop to empty show,

That can the heart's best raptures know ?

Ambition seldom gains its aim,

And what a bubble is a name !

To find content—in love to live,

Are all the charms that life can give.

But

But cease—these truths you feel impress
 On the fair tablet of your breast ;—
 For there, taste, sense, and reason join,
 To form my CLARA most divine.

XVIII.

WRITTEN IN THE

BEECH-GROVE, WHICHWOOD FOREST,

ONE EVENING, IN COMPANY.

TING'D with the beams of dying day,
A glowing purple decks each spray,
And flames upon the trees ;
While CYNTHIA, rising through the shade,
In silver robes, unveils her head,
Triumphing o'er the seas.

Now not a zephyr fans the leaves,
No bending blast the reed perceives ;
But Silence, on her throne,
Seems to repress each noisy found,
And Echo listen to resound
No voice but ours alone.

R

The

The mossy bank with leaves o'erspread,
Th' embow'ring trees above our head,
A richer scene display
Than all the elegance of State,
The tinsel'd grandeur of the Great,
Or foppery of the Gay.

In this delightful shady grove,
Sacred to Solitude and Love,
For ever could I range
With Beauty beaming smiles around,
And think I trode Elysian ground,
Nor wish a happier change.

XIX.

FOR A LADY'S WATCH-PAPER.

OFT as the hours shall run their round,
And give this votive verse to view;
Should error in thy watch be found—
O may the friends you love go true!

May rising morn and falling eve,
The busy day, the tranquil night,
Some wreath of bliss to glad thee weave,
And bring fresh changes of delight!

And should a care ASPASIA know,
And should a sigh her bosom move;
Be that a care for other's woe—
That sigh from well-requited love!

XX.

S T A N Z A S

ON THE NUPTIALS OF JOHN SPENCER, ESQ. WITH THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE LADY ELIZABETH SPENCER,
FEBRUARY 6, MDCCXC.

CELESTIAL Truth ! whose vifual ray
Can pierce the fartheft realms of day ;
Without whose fpirit verfe is vain,
And weak the aid of PINDUS' train ;
Whose fimpleft ftrains delight the wife, 5
More than Flattery's facrifice ;
From fields of ether fair, defcend—
Thy bright effulgence fhed around—
This votive verfe, well-pleas'd, attend,
And fee the Poet's heart beat meafure to thy found ! 10
Mild,

Mild, auspicious fun, arise !

Dart thy beams thro' azure skies !

Winds be hush'd, and warblers pour

Vernal notes to glad the hour !

Let no Sadness dim the scene,

15

But young-ey'd Pleasure's smiling queen

With transport touch the melting breast ;

While HYMEN, link'd with Love and Truth,

In purple vestment stands confest,

And gives the loveliest Fair, to bless the fondest Youth. 20

Rapt into time, the Muse surveys

Circling flights of joyous days ;

Sees the charming Fair the same,

Unchang'd in nature as in name ;

With every virtue more display'd,

25

She practis'd in the nymphal shade—

With all a Mother's worth inflam'd,

Reflecting duty—filial love,

And studious, in each state unblam'd,

Her lineage and her life from MARLBRO' drawn to prove.

Full oft by airy meteors led,
 Base interest decks the nuptial bed ;
 Or to sounds of trophied state,
 The giddy bosoms concert beat :
 But soon is burst the magic spell— 35

Connubial Love disdains to dwell
 Where other ties than real esteem
 Form the union of the hands ;
 And only pours his steady beam,
 Where hearts are bound in sympathetic bands. 40

When Passions pure, in current strong,
 Waft congenial souls along ;
 When mutual Merit feeds the flame,
 And neither know the blush of Shame ;
 When State's gay pageants fail to charm, 45
 And mad Ambition to alarm ;—

When Heart meets Heart with native glow,
 And Wish meets Wish with eager haste,
 The fairest prospects shine below,
 And Happiness invites her choicest stores to taste. 50

And, O! of blifs the constant tide

Attend the wife that hails the bride !

Of love the cup be ever full,

His golden arrows never dull !—

The moments glide on lightfome wing,

55

And new access of transport bring !

Till life's long day in pleasure past,

And still endearing and endear'd,

Nature exhausted breathes her last,

And meets the mortal doom expectant and unfear'd. 60

XXI.

NUPTIAL ADDRESS.

TO A FRIEND.

WHEN the full heart its gratulation pays,
The big expression mocks its vain essays ;
It vows in silence, speaks but in a tear,
That prove, most eloquent, the friend how dear.

The silent vow my fervent soul has made,
The tear of joy my swimming eyes have paid :
Words are too weak the vivid sense to prove—
Take then this purest tribute of my love—
More than in wishes e'er could be expressed—
The boundless homage of a feeling breast.

XXII. TO

XXII.

TO CLEORA,

ON HER MARRIAGE.

OF cloudless skies, and days of halcyon ease
The Poets sing—and youthful Fancies please;
But Truth and Friendship bid me change the strains—
Each state has sweets, and every state its pains.

Thine be each joy the wedded heart can taste—
And few the cares that flutter round thy breast!
Thine be long life, and Pleasure's lasting smile,
Love ever young—and Friendship void of guile!

And sure if aught can merit bliss supreme,
'Tis love like thine—in every change the same—
A soul where Constancy had fix'd her throne,
And firm Attachment rul'd and reign'd alone.
The rosy wreaths by warm Affection tied,
No duties weaken—scarce even Death divide;
While mutual efforts partial ills remove,
And mutual fondness gilds the scene with love.

XXIII.

I N S C R I P T I O N,

SUPPOSED

FOR AN URN OVER ROSAMOND'S WELL IN BLENHEIM PARK.

YE Fair ! who tread in Pleasure's mazy round,
Where many a snare, and many a gulph is found,
For once reflect !—with pensive step draw nigh,
And scan this moral with attentive eye.

“ Birth, titles, fortune—all that fate can give,
“ Or the most favour'd of your sex receive ;
“ Youth's blooming grace, ev'n ROSAMONDA's charms,
“ All that delights, or captivates and warms ;
“ Weigh'd in the scale 'gainst Virtue, are but vain—
“ Link'd with fair Virtue, deathless wreaths obtain ;
“ While Vice lives only in the roll of Fame,
“ To wake your pity, or to warn from shame !

XXIV. IN.

XXIV.

INSCRIPTION FOR A GARDEN SEAT.

O ! WHEN my mind, with ills severe oppress,
Seeks here to find a momentary rest,
May some kind SPIRIT bland oblivion shed,
Of cares encounter'd, and of griefs I dread—
Veil the dark views Reflection's glass displays,
And bid Hope eye the Future's peaceful days—
Or if nor Hope nor Peace this heart must know,
Teach it, at last—an apathy of woe !

XXV. THE

XXV.

THE PUBLIC PRAYER FOR THE KING,

MDCCLXXXVIII.

PARAPHRASED IN VERSE.

O KING of Kings ! beneath whose eye
Earth's various tribes and nations lie,
Whose fiat gives them life and breath,
Or wraps them in the shades of death ;
To whom our wants and woes are known,
O, let our vows ascend thy throne !

5

Our crimson sins, all-gracious God !
Deserve thy justice' lifted rod ;
Our bold defection from thy law,
Thy chastisement severe might draw :

10

But

But mercy decks thy brow divine—

To pity and to spare are thine !

O ! let our deep contrition move !

Our yielding hearts confess thy love.

To thee we turn with pious care—

15

To thee prefer the ardent prayer,

Our King, for BRITAIN'S weal, to save,

To watch the charge thy wisdom gave :

From him remove thy chast'ning hand !

Nor let a deeply sinful land,

20

Thy vengeance on its Sovereign wake,

But spare him for thy mercy's sake !

Thy gracious providence impart,

To soothe his ills, to cheer his heart !

And with thy blessing deign to crown

25

The healing arts applied and known !

Or, should th' extent of skill be vain,

O teach new lenitives of pain !

Direct to means of untried power
His present malady to cure !

30

To wonted health our King restore,
And may his cup with blifs run o'er !
Thy people grant his fostering care,
His bright example—virtues rare,
His stedfast aim for public weal,
His well attemper'd Christian zeal ;
Till, full of years, as rich in worth,
Thy mercy summon him from earth,
To reap his long-expected prize—
A throne eternal in the skies !

35

40

Father of mercies ! in this hour,
When fable clouds around her low'r,
When fond affection's strong-link'd chain
Ties down our QUEEN to keener pain ;
When filial love, with lifted eye,
Implores thy pity from on high ;

45

O let

O let the lustre of thy face
Illume each breast with heavenly grace !
To CHARLOTTE and her offspring lend
Those comforts thou alone canst send ! 50
Lord ! aid them in this day of need,
Thou ! from whose fount all joys proceed !

And, O ! may we who now prefer
Affliction's heart-expressive prayer,
In thy good time our voices raise 55
To sing with joy thy bounteous praise,
For mercy to our SOVEREIGN shewn,
And all thy goodness we have known !

O ! grant us this for Jesus' sake,
Thro' whom we supplication make ! 60
O let the merits of thy Son,
For all our frailties, Lord, atone !

XXVI.

OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE

TO THE

TRAGEDY OF DOUGLAS.

ACTED AT WOODSTOCK ACADEMY, DECEMBER 19,

MDCCLXXXII.

LADIES! I'm come—but not to make you laugh—
Each feeling soul sublimer joy should quaff.
At Pity's shrine bestow the melting tear ;
For deeper woe ne'er pierc'd the human ear.
The widow'd mother, and the wretched wife,
For ever weeping, and disdaining life,
By duty bound, without affection's tie—
Forbid the last sad privilege—to sigh—

Th

The youthful hero, bursting from the shade,
 With Fate's worst malice louring o'er his head, 10
 For glory panting with an ardent zeal,
 Too early doom'd to meet the murd'rer's steel—
 All wake the tenderest passions of the breast,
 And give the generous soul her richest feast.
 Shall, then, the witty joke, the ill-tim'd tale, 15
 O'er every virtuous sentiment prevail;—
 Each soft impression from your minds efface,
 And give light mirth to occupy its place?
 No! Sense forbids—forbid it, Virtue, too!
 Go—and each generous sentiment pursue:— 20
 The warm emotions trembling round your heart,
 Go—and your bounty to distress impart;
 Relieve the wretched, wipe Affliction's tear,
 And spread your pity—ye who pity here.

The DRAMA, true to Virtue's sacred laws, 25
 Holds up her mirror, and supports her cause;
 By fictitious scenes of interesting woe,
 Lights up Compassion's animating glow;

Or charms the soul with vast heroic deeds,
 And every generous aim awakes, and feeds : 30
 Or painting Vice with all we can detest,
 Eternal torture gnawing at its breast,
 From specious bliss deters the ductile mind,
 And points the sting that pleasures leave behind.
 Such is the end, the aim of tragic pow'r ;— 35
 Not the bare solace of the vacant hour :
 Bé such its force on all who heard to-night,
 Vice to reform, or virtue to excite.
 So may each youth, for whom the Muse must bear
 A parent's fondness, and a guardian's care, 40
 Than blooming DOUGLAS meet a happier fate,
 And every blessing on their lives await !
 So may each fair, who heav'd the heart-felt sigh,
 And felt the tear of pity in her eye,
 The tender mother, and the faithful wife, 45
 Taste every transport of the happiest life ;
 In virtue only Lady RANDOLPH know,
 And never—never feel her poignant woe.

XXVII.

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE

TO THE

TRAGEDY OF CLEONE,

ACTED AT WOODSTOCK ACADEMY, JUNE 19,

MDCCLXXXIII.

YE gods and goddesfes that grace our ftage,
Whofe fmiles invite to aim beyond our age,
Whofe kind indulgence firft our voice inspir'd,
Confirm'd the weak, the youthful bofom fir'd;
Again regard our toils with partial eyes,
And teach aspiring excellence to rife;—
With candour judge, nor censure if we fail;
For hard the task, to guide the tragic fail,

5

With speaking eyes to paint the latent mind,
 And shift with every puff of Passion's wind. 10

When Time was young the simple *THESPIA* stray'd,
 And under shady trees and grottos play'd ;
 With heav'n-taught accents drew the melting crowd,
 Nor knew the costly dress, nor structure proud.

But as mankind grew old in fictitious art, 15
 And forc'd expression veil'd the feeling heart,
 The Play-house rose, with stately columns grac'd,
 And artists there the breathing statues trac'd ;
 The buskin'd actors trode in tragic state,
 And unfelt tears bedew'd the wretch's fate. 20

Next, shifting scenes the painter's skill display,
 And shew sets off the dull, unmeaning play ;
 On merit less than foreign aids they rest,
 And all perfection lies—in being drest ;
 In varied views that catch the vacant eye, 25
 And sounds which want of sense and wit supply.

These we disclaim—no pompous scenes we show,
 Nor all those arts which happier stages know.

No veteran's voice well tutor'd to express

The soft emotion, and the deep distress,

30

In varied accents, claim the plaudits due ;

But artless youth alone attract your view.

To-night, CLEONE on our stage appears,

Her beauties brighter by the lapse of years ;

With flowing hair, and wild, disorder'd pace,

35

And all the dignity of tragic grace,

She claims indulgence from each feeling breast ;

And Pity sure will weep for worth distressed !

Will recompence her sufferings with a tear,

And breathe at Sorrow's shrine the sigh sincere.

40

Be then our Actors' meed, the melting eye,

The mute attention, and the deep-fetch'd sigh ;

The look that speaks the soul in anguish drown'd,

And beams of love that lighten all around ;

The heart dispos'd to answer Mercy's call,

45

And mild Benevolence that smiles on all :

Sufficient to our fame, if each can say—

“ I feel the moral of this tragic play.”

XXVIII.

OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

FIVE long, long acts of tragic woes are past,
And I in Epilogue appear at last :
Sent by our Manager to view your faces,
And see if feeling looks augment their graces ;
If Pity's stamp the ductile features wear,
And ill-starr'd Virtue draws the lucid tear.

Ye Fair, who bask in beauty's vernal blaze,
When ardent Hope depicts the cloudless days;
When Fancy's eye each joyous scene pervades,
And Thought, intrusive, rare the prospect shades ! 10
Ye Youth, whose breasts no anxious passions know,
Whose guiltless hours in even current flow ;
Too young to grieve, too innocent to sigh—
Or soon forgot the tear, and bright the eye !

Think,

Think, as ye eager through life's entrance rove, 15

And taste the dulcet transports that ye love,

How blest the heart by Vice ne'er led astray,

Or lur'd to tread in Pleasure's flow'ry way ;

Which never mounted Passion's fiery car,

Or felt the tumults of internal war ; 20

When Honour, Virtue, Love itself expire,

As whirlwinds lift the soul in gusts of ire ;

And waking Reason, shrinks, aghast, to find

The fatal scenes that Fury leaves behind !

If peace and happiness your souls would taste, 25

The flow of Reason, and the mental feast ;

If breathe your youthful hearts the ardent pray'r,

For Friendship's blissful pow'r, or Love sincere ;

For social joys your manners to reform ;—

For sweet Content that fears no falling storm ;— 30

For Age respected, or for Youth lov'd,

By Virtue favour'd, and by Heaven approv'd ;

Root from your breast each base unhallow'd seed,

And early crop the rank luxuriant weed,

That kills the flower, and overruns the mind, 35
 And leaves a barren wilderness behind.

Ere Habit strike—ere Folly fix her root,
 And blast the blossom of the promis'd fruit ;
 Ere base Example stain the limpid breast,
 And Honour shrink from Int'rest's fordid test, 40
 With Virtue's lore inform the pliant soul ;
 Let Reason's dictates all her powers controul :
 So shall your years in happy circles run,
 And bliss shall find you with each rising sun ;
 So shall you never feel a SIFROY's pain, 45
 The headlong slave of Passion's baleful reign.

XXIX.

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE

TO THE

TRAGEDY OF THE GAMESTER,

ACTED AT WOODSTOCK ACADEMY, DECEMBER 19,

MDCCLXXXV.

YOUNG on the stage of life's eventful play,
And younger still in Art's fictitious way,
Before this audience stands a timid train
To court your favour.—Can they plead in vain?
Can you withhold the commendation due, 5
When their best efforts are display'd for you?
But small applause the tender bosom needs
To wake to virtuous or to vicious deeds.

The

The youthful mind a strong impression bears,
 And what it early feels, it loves with years : 10
 Its honest wish benevolence retains ;
 And Vice, once cherish'd, sins secure of chains.
 If, then, the ductile mind takes either way,
 As level fluids where we lead them stray ;
 If Education makes or mars the man, 15
 And strengthens or destroys kind Nature's plan ;
 If on fix'd principles our acts depend,
 And those we first imbibe, with those we end—
 What anxious cares should wait on early youth,
 To guide its steps in innocence and truth ! 20
 To warn from ill, from errors to reclaim,
 And rouse the blushes of ingenuous shame !
 To this great end, not only sound advice,
 The heartfelt dictate, and the conduct nice,
 May lend their aids ;—but ev'n the well wrote play, 25
 Where pathos, moral, sentiment, bear sway,
 With pleasing wiles may steal upon the heart,
 And win to Virtue by the touch of Art.

This

This aim in view—to-night we mean to shew
 The Gamester's folly, and his deep-felt woe ; 30
 The keen despair that agitates the soul,
 When fetter'd Reason yields her last controul;
 When Love, and Faith, and Honour sink at once,
 And the blind dupe becomes the sport of Chance ;
 Trembling each step, yet fearful to reform, 35
 Till final Ruin wrap him in its storm ;
 When Nature pours her unavailing prayer,
 And his last accents breathe remorse, despair.

Hence shall we learn—for moral is the Muse,
 Our first assent to follies to refuse : 40
 The least indulgence in a vicious course,
 By repetition gains augmented force ;
 By quick degrees to stable habits turns,
 Till Conscience scarce her ruin'd quiet mourns ;
 Till Shame no longer can the face o'ercast, 45
 And every generous Passion breathes its last.

XXX.

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE

TO THE

COMEDY OF THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS,

ACTED AT WOODSTOCK ACADEMY, EASTER

MDCCXC.

WHAT various arts ! to gain the critic's smile,
To fix the giddy and the grave beguile ;
What various arts to charm the eye, the ear,
And make spectators pleas'd to see and hear !
Scenes spread around of every form and hue— 5
Art mimics Nature, to enchant the view :
The rural cot in simple stile appears,
The splendid feat its dædal front uprears,

The

The garden blooms, the shady arbour weaves
 Its verdant texture of perennial leaves ; 10
 And every object—spite of time and place,
 Dares to deceive, and cheat you to your face.

Sometimes a favourite actor mounts the stage
 To soothe your minds, and deprecate your rage ;
 Whines for his brethren, owns their want of merit, 15
 But humbly begs your lenity of spirit,
 And tells, perhaps what half an hour would shew—
 That humour, cash, and comic powers are low.
 Or trusting to the aids of gewgaw dress,
 Bids you the man of consequence confess, 20
 Struts like a peacock, vaunting in his train,
 And proves the claim of Folly to be vain.

By other aims, your smiles we would engage ;
 Praise for our efforts, pity for our age.
 No favourite here his voice well-practis'd tries, 25
 No tricks theatric fill you with surprise !
 Scenes we disclaim—one canvass serves for all,
 (As the poor's shade is dining-room and hall.)

Our

Our wings display the paper-stainer's skill—
 His deep invention—call it what you will ; 30
 Colours they boast, and various figures too—
 But ROOKER's * pencil ne'er the outlines drew,
 Yet, but for these, our stage would scarce be found—
 They serve at least—to mark theatric ground.

For these defects of elegance and art— 35
 For all our feeble powers to reach the heart ;
 For all the tremors of ingenuous youth—
 Unskill'd in fiction, and attach'd to truth,
 One consolation every eye discovers—
 We fondly dare to think you CONSCIOUS LOVERS ; 40
 Conscious what kind indulgence is our due,
 When every bosom throbs—to pleasure you.

Though ye have seen Rank, Elegance, and Taste,
 Worth, Wit, and Beauty, spread the scenic feast † ;

* A celebrated Painter.

† The Plays at Blenheim, repeatedly exhibited to very numerous
 and brilliant audiences.

Though Fancy's eye to **BLLENHEIM** turns its view, 45
 And Memory loves to paint the blifs anew—
 The blifs that flow'd o'er every feeling mind,
 When every excellence—to please—combin'd ;
 When Grandeur, scorning vain, ignoble arts,
 By true Nobility engag'd your hearts, 50
 Taught Love to blend its tribute with Esteem,
 And cold Respect to melt at Kindness' beam ;—
 Yet will your judgment with indulgence scan
 Our humbler sphere—our more contracted plan :
 Even Merit sinks devoid of Fortune's smile, 55
 Even Talents droop, and lost is Genius' toil ;
 But rich or poor in fortune or in fame,
 Still to one object tends the honest name :
 Despising Censure, and disdaining Schism—
 Feels its own worth, and cries—" Hence, carping
 Criticism * !" 60

*. The Motto.

XXXI.

OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

YES! we have done—thanks for your patient hearing!
Conscious of humble fare, and languor fearing,
Our Manager bethought himself 'twas best
To let you rise, unfated, from his feast.
Bacon and eggs, or bread and cheese may do, 5
(Though neither here—the simile is true);
But if on such to dine or sup you're able—
Say, would you wish to sit—four hours at table?
And since you know our wit and humour's scarce,
You must allow that more had been—a FARCE *. 10
A Farce! you smile—'tis Farce from first to last,
And who would wish—for more of what is past?

* There was no entertainment after the Comedy.

Then, till your carriages begin to rattle,
 I'll strive to entertain you with my prattle. 14

MONSIEUR SPITFROG, among the GASCONS bred,
 Sold his dear country and to Britain fled ;
 Some say, for stealing sheep—some, want of bread. }
 Arriv'd in town—this prudent step he took,
 Made sure of victuals—so set up a cook.
 His shop was furnish'd, things in order plac'd, 20
 Shew'd he had judgment, and some share of taste ;
 And, to attract—upon a flaming sign
 Seen were these words, " Here all the world may dine,
 " Each to his palate, or his country's plan,
 " From eighteen-pence—to half-a-crown a man." 25

The bait was swallow'd, Fame the news declares
 From Broad St. Giles's down to Wapping Stairs.
 John Bull, Mynheer, Monsieur, and the Don,
 Jews, Turks, and Tartars, all came tripping on ;
 Gentoos and Hottentots by chance were there, 30
 And Cherokees and Chikisbaws so rare.
 SPITFROG bids welcome to his various guests,
 And tried his best to suit their different tastes.

T

Alas !

Alas ! in vain—the Tartar first complains,
 No dainty horseflesh all the feast contains ! 35
 The Hottentot for raw sheep's guts incessant bawl'd ;
 The mild Gentoo for rice and cocoa call'd ;
 Monsieur for frogs ; the Cherokee for what ?
 Why, " Man's flesh broil'd ; " what say ye, Sirs, to that ?
 In short, loud murmurs round the benches rung, 40
 (The most unpolish'd have the loudest tongue),
 Honest John Bull beheld this strife unmov'd—
 Plac'd by Sir Loin, he found the fare he lov'd ;
 Sated his appetite, he pull'd his vest,
 And thus the disaffected crew address. 45
 " Sirs, let me thank the Cook—his dinner's good,
 " Here's decent, wholesome, and substantial food ;
 " You see it relish'd by the better part—
 " By all who know—the necessary art,
 " To leave false taste and prejudice at home, 50
 " And learn this maxim ere abroad they roam,
 " That Prudence, Interest, Pleasure—all unite
 " To see with others' eyes, and think them right.
 " Had

" Had you, Sir Tartar, found your dainty slice ;
 " Or you, Sir Caffre, what you deem so nice ; 55
 " Or you, Monsieur, met your favourite frogs,
 " By Jove, the whole had been adjudg'd to dogs *."

Hence we this obvious moral may deduce—
 Praise ne'er was gain'd, untinctur'd with abuse.
 Who strives each taste to please, will never please; 60
 Pursue the right, and rest in tranquil ease :
 Seek approbation from the good, the wise,
 Fools cannot sting—they only buzz like flies.
 Here, let us hope all hearts, all eyes, approve—
 Sweet is the praise—when paid by those we love. 65

* Exceptionable passages were expunged in the representation.

XXXII.

THE KNIGHTS;

OR,

BOTH RIGHT, AND BOTH WRONG:

A T A L E.

WHEN CHIVALRY was all the taste,
And Honour stamp'd each dauntless breast;
When falsehood was esteem'd a shame,
And heroes bled for virtuous Fame—
To right the wrong'd, protect the weak,
Or wipe the tear from Beauty's cheek—
Two bearded knights on milk-white steeds,
Equipp'd for tilts and martial deeds,
Perchance met on a spacious plain,
Where stood a trophy to the slain :—

5

10

A mighty

A mighty shield, on one side white,
 The other black as ebon night ;—
 Emblem of spotless Virtue's fall,
 And Death's dark triumph over all !

Both stopp'd to view this curious sight ; 15

But view'd it in a different light :

“ Bless me !” cries one, “ how white this shield !

“ How bright it shines across the field !”

‘ White !’ says the other, ‘ no such thing ;

‘ ’Tis blacker than the raven’s wing !’— 20

“ Recal your words, presumptuous youth ;

“ A knight should never jest with truth !”

‘ ’Tis you who with to jest, not I :

‘ The shield is black !’ “ By heav’ns, you lie !”

‘ ’Tis false, and Honour hear my vow ! 25

‘ I’ll die, base knight, or make thee bow.’

While both with sudden passion storm’d,

And rage each angry face deform’d,

From wordy war to blows they turn,

And with revenge and fury burn : 30

On either helm the sword descends,
 Each trusty helm the head defends;
 And on th' impenetrable mail
 The founding strokes fall thick as hail.
 They prance their courfers round and round— 35
 Each hopes to give the lucky wound;
 And each, convinc'd himself is right,
 Maintains with equal warmth the fight;
 Nor doubts to make his rival own
 Success attends on truth alone. 40

By chance a clown, who pass'd that way,
 At distance saw the bloody fray;
 Who, tho' he relish'd not hard blows,
 Esteem'd it right to interpose.

"God Sirs," he cried, then made his bow, 45
 Respectful, diffident, and low,
 "I'm but a simple man, 'tis true!
 "But wish to serve, and save you too;
 "And he that's wrong'd I'll take his part,
 "And fight his cause, with all my heart." 50

The knights, by this time almost spent,
 To honest HODGE attention lent;
 For ev'n the presence of a fool
 Will sometimes stubborn stomachs cool;
 And when for trifles men fall out, 55
 A trifle oft brings peace about.

Each thinking HODGE must prove him right,
 And justify his partial fight,
 Made haste the matter to disclose,
 That caus'd this war of words and blows: 60
 And ask'd if black or white the shield,
 That stood conspicuous in the field?
 For passion still had kept them blind,
 Passion, the shutters of the mind!

"Faith!" said the clown, and strok'd his head, 65
 "Your honours straight shall be obey'd;
 "'Tis neither white nor black, but both,
 "And this is true, I'll take my oath.
 "One side is black—the other white—
 "You saw it in a single light; 70

“ But had you view’d the shield all round,

“ Both would have RIGHT and WRONG been found.”

The wond’ring knights like stuck pigs star’d,

While HODGE the simple truth declar’d :

And each, aham’d of Passion’s sway, 75

Lift up his eyes—when bright as day

The shield both black and white appear’d,

And both from Falsehood’s stain were clear’d.

They thank’d kind HODGE, and parted friends,

Resolv’d for wrath to make amends, 80

By looking *twice* ere *once* they fought,

And aiding strength with prudent thought.

Hence we this precious moral draw,

Fix’d as the MEDES or PERSIANS law—

That he who only one side sees, 85

With erring judgment oft decrees ;

And he who only one tale hears,

’Gainst half the truth oft shuts his ears.

SONGS.

SONG

(432)
SONG I.

NAVAL CANTATA.

MDCCLXXVIII.

RECITATIVE.

'T WAS night—and Luna, 'midst her glowing train,
Reflective play'd upon the azure main,
As late I wander'd on the shelly shore,
Where not a breath inspir'd the wavy roar ;
Where silence seem'd her awful court to keep,
And Ocean to partake oblivious sleep ;
When lo ! before my fear-astonish'd eyes,
I saw a form of angel brightness rise—
Fair as the Goddess of the briny flood,
Supported by a spear, erect she stood ;
Around her feet the Nereids joy'd to play,
And waves, as she advanc'd, to form a way.

Her

Her port majestic, and her pensive smile,
 Soon spoke the Genius of BRITANNIA's isle :—
 O'ercome with awe, I press'd the humble ground ;
 When thus she spoke in heav'nly-breathing sound,
 And bade me learn the strains, and tell the world around.

A I R.

Awake ! my sons, to empire born,
 Shake off despondency and fear ;
 'Tis yours to make the treach'rous mourn,
 Who oft have drawn my briny tear :
 Again the British flag unfurl,
 Destruction on proud GALLIA hurl,
 And strike with dread the distant world.

Have I not seen your navy ride
 Triumphant o'er the boundless main,
 Confess'd the terror and the pride
 Of all that cut the liquid plain ?
 Again the British flag, &c.

And

And will you less exert your sway

When Glory calls, and ardent Fame?

Say, can my sons mistake the way,

When rous'd by KEPPEL's honour'd name!

Again the British flag, &c.

Tho' laurell'd HAWKE and BRISTOL bear

No ensigns on the foaming tide,

See, valiant heroes still prepare

To spread resistless thunder wide.

Again the British flag, &c.

'Tis Heaven that orders Britain's race

To check each vain aspiring foe;

To raise th' oppress'd with manly grace,

And smoothe the wrinkled face of woe.

Again the British flag, &c.

Then haste, O haste! and bid your arms

Their flaming terrors shed afar;

Harass each foe with fierce alarms,

And give a loose to crimson war.

Again the British flag, &c.

'Tis

'Tis fell Necessity commands—

You stand upon the verge of fate :

And future times shall curse the hands

That for BRITANNIA fought too late.

Again the British flag, &c.

Tho' Peace, with olive branches crown'd,

Long hover'd o'er this happy Isle,

She sinks—she sinks, in tumults drown'd,

And bids you think of martial toil.

Again the British flag, &c.

For peace or war my sons are fit—

In arts and arms they shine the same ;

And time will raise another PITT *,

To add fresh fuel to their flame.

Again the British flag, &c.

* The Author pretends not to the spirit of prophecy, yet in this instance his prediction is verified.

Know, he who in his country's cause
Th' infernal sword of treach'ry braves,
Tho' doom'd to fall, shall gain applause,
While BRITAIN sees encircling waves.
Again the British flag, &c.

The sculptur'd monument shall tell
The martial prowess of his arm;
And emblems pointing how he fell,
Shall youth with emulation warm.
Again the British flag, &c.

RECITATIVE.

She said—the curling waves began to flow,
To lash the rocks, and whiten into snow :
Around her each cerulean Goddess throngs,
While vows for BRITAIN breath'd from num'rous tongues,
And swift this order echo'd round the shore,
“ BRITANNIA rule the waves till Time shall be no more.”

A I R.

A I R.

Then nobly keep the charter given,

Ye race to Freedom dear !

The fiat of all-potent Heaven

May well dispel your fear.

Though Factions shake your empire wide,

By fatal Rigour fown ;

'Tis yours to stem the adverse tide,

And save and shield your own.

Did Prudence' voice direct your power—

Did Reason rule the state ;

Your valour might the world secure,

Or yield to nought but Fate.

7
SONG II.

THE ROSE.

TO LAURA.

I PLUCK'D the opening damask rose—

With joy it left the tree,

As conscious of its destin'd bliss—

Its bliss to wait on thee !

I plac'd it, blooming, in my breast—

On brighter bloom I thought ;

And, ere it hung one filken leaf,

To thee the flower I brought.

With sweetest smiles you claim'd the bud—

'Twas all love had to give :

Cloſe to your heart the pledge you lodg'd,

And there you bade it live.

U

Pleas'd—

Pleas'd—but undone—it met your eye,
Then shrunk—its charms to shade;
And sinking on your bosom fair,
Reclin'd its lovely head.

This feat, too dear to leave or live—
It met a willing doom—
Breath'd out its sweets, and smil'd in death,
To find so blest a tomb.

Embalm'd in Love's soft breast it lay—
Each leaf was worth a gem;
And that I might an emblem see,
You sent me some of them.

Not you—but I—the meaning give—
These leaves full well declare,
“ Those that you love must die with bliss—
“ All others with despair.”

And

And since 'tis vain to fly from Fate—

Dear Angel ! let me die ;

Not by the rigour of your hate,

But by your melting eye.

SONG III.

THE MUTUAL SIGH.

O DELIA! dearest, sweetest, best!

Pride of each heart, and queen of mine!

Wilt thou relieve my love-sick breast,

And higher views for me resign?

Wilt thou my artless vows regard,

My fault'ring tongue, and downcast eye!

Wilt thou my anxious hours reward,

And pay me with a mutual sigh?

For thee I quit the busy scene,

And seek the deep-embowering grove;

Nor can one object intervene

Betwixt thy image and my love:

For thee I leave the social train,

And lowly in the shade I lie;

O, speak compassion for my pain,

And pay me with a mutual sigh!

For

For thee I slight each other fair,

And give thee all my faithful heart ;

And by the Pow'r of Love I swear,

That falsehood there shall bear no part :

For thee I'd every fate endure,

For thee I'd every toil defy ;

And wilt thou bid me hope secure,

And pay me with a mutual sigh ?

For thee ev'n sceptres I'd resign,

Or throw them humbly at thy feet ;

Then ask of Heaven to make thee mine,

And own my happiness complete :

Thus would I ever faithful prove,

Till Time the bands of life untie ;

And wilt thou not reward my love,

And pay me with a mutual sigh ?

SONG IV.

I LOVE thee as life—dearest DELIA, I'm thine!
And wilt thou consent, sweetest maid, to be mine?
Tho' Fortune and Fate both my enemies prove—
I still have enough—for I offer thee love.

I offer thee love, which no riches can buy,
That will live thro' all change, and bloom when they fly;
I offer esteem too—and sure these are more
Than wealth, fame, and honours, to her I adore.

And should care heave thy breast, should a tear dim thine
eye,
That care I will soothe, and the tear will kiss dry;
Ev'n should every ill to this bosom be known—
A smile shall be thine—all my sorrows my own.

Thus rich in each treasure that constitutes bliss,
 True delight I will seek—and must find it in this :
 For while on thy breast I forget my own woe,
 I'll strive that thy bosom a pang shall ne'er know.

SONG V.

THOU setting Sun, that call'st my fair
To taste the cool and evening air ;
With joy I hail thy latest rays,
That shew me where my DAPHNE strays !

O let not clouds obscure the skies,
Or noxious exhalations rise ;
But may sweet flow'rs uprear their heads,
And roses blossom where she treads.

Let ev'ry tenant of the grove
Remind her youthful heart of love ;
And ev'ry breeze convey a sigh,
And tell her 'tis for her I die.

O sweet

O sweet tormenting Love ! I feel
 Thy wound, which Reason cannot heal :
 Thy fire conceal'd within my breast
 Deprives my flutt'ring heart of rest.

At every glance of DAPHNE's eyes
 My boasted resolution flies ;
 And still I'm diffident to name
 My inward racks and secret flame.

While Philomela sad complains,
 And pours out all her plaintive strains ;
 I likewise mourn in lays sincere,
 As ever reach'd a female ear.

O, Son of Venus, hear my pray'r !
 And with thy dart transfix my fair ;
 With her fond swain, O ! let her prove
 The lasting bliss of ardent love.

SONG VI.

COME ! dearest FLORA, blest my eyes,

And stop the flowing tear :

In you alone the magic lies

To animate and cheer.

Not half so sweet the flow'rs display

Their variegated hue ;

Not all the bloom of smiling May,

Can charm so much as you.

Where'er you tread, the warblers sweet

Melodious fill the grove ;

And smiling Nature seems to greet

The presence of my love.

But

But blasted every flow'r appears,
When you forsake these plains ;
No grove the feather'd songster cheers
In soft mellifluous strains.

Come ! lovely FLORA, come and stay ;
From thee my joys arise :
Your charms give beauty to the day,
And lustre to the skies.

For you I sigh, and waste my prime ;
Then haste, and let us prove
That rolling years and fleeting time,
Are far too short for love.

S O N G VII.

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

THE anchor quits its sandy bed—

The flutt'ring sails invite the gale;
While, from the topmast's airy head,
I bid my love a long farewell.

Adieu, dear maid, to distant lands
Disjointed far from Britain's isle,
Relentless Fate your swain commands,
And dooms to absence, care, and toil.

Yet, ere I go, the Zephyr's wing
Shall waft my warm vows to your ear—
Around your lips my kisses fling,
And whisper, HENRY is sincere.

Beneath

Beneath the Line—beneath the Pole,
In tempests tofs'd—in tranquil seas,
Your love shall animate my foul,
And prove my anchor and my breeze.

And if the Powers that rule the main
Restore me to my native shore ;
With you I'll link Affection's chain,
And spread my wand'ring sails no more.

S O N G VIII.

BEFORE the Morn's empurpling light
Has chac'd the sombre shades of Night,
My restless thoughts to DAPHNE rove,
And Fancy paints the maid I love.

When from the chambers of the East,
In all his mildest glories drest,
The beauteous rising Sun I see,
I think his beams less fair than she.

The flow'ry vesture of the fields,
The flaming gems rich India yields,
Are far less grateful to my eye,
Than lovely DAPHNE when she's nigh.

The fragrant rose's crimson dyes,
Fade at the lustre of her eyes ;
And as o'er banks of flowers she treads,
They feel her charms, and droop their heads.

Ye great, ambitious, and ye vain,
Possess your wishes and your pain ;
All other pleasures I resign—
Be dearest DAPHNE only mine.

S O N G I X.

A N A C R E O N T I C.

LET the sage and saint unite
To blame the search of gay delight ;
Let them paint in fable hue,
All the young and lov'd pursue !
Tell us, life is care and pain—
Ne'er will I imbibe their strain.
 Life is short—full well I know—
Soon its spring is lost in snow ;
Soon its sweets to bitters turn—
Why should I untimely mourn ?
Love and wine shall bless my prime ;
Care I leave to wrinkled Time !

SONG

SONG X.

THE EVENING WALK.

THE western sun, with mildest ray,
 Illumes the gilded view ;
Fled are the hours of sultry day,
 And Nature calls on you.

On you, my love, cool zephyrs wait,
 And every rich perfume ;
The flowers shall bloom beneath your feet,
 And fairer tints assume.

From every bloomy, verdant spray,
 The choristers shall sing ;
For 'tis your lustre wakes the day,
 And where you walk 'tis Spring.

Yet know, your lustre too must fade,
As flowers beneath the sun ;
And wrinkles shall that face pervade
Which has me captive won.

Then, mindful, hear a lover's claim,
Nor let me long pursue ;
But mingle in a mutual flame,
And Death shall find me true.

SONG XI.

FROM A MS. PLAY.

HAS DELIA heard my tongue confess

What she alone shall ever know ?

And has my heart, to sooth distress,

Pour'd out the story of its woe ?

Have I invok'd each sacred Pow'r

To witness hapless Passion's sway ?

And shall Mistrust upon me lour,

And intercept each cheering ray ?

No lenitives can ease my grief—

No partial touch my ills remove :

Alas ! I dare not hope relief,

For nought can cure but love for love.

Yet, O! if Pity melt your heart—

If Charity my fate bewail—

The cordial balm of Trust impart,

And check Suspicion's blighting gale !

S O N G XII.

GREAT Love ! I own thy pow'r supreme,

My mind has felt the dart ;

No more the transitory flame

Plays lambent round my heart.

Bright CHLOE's charms the bosom fire,

That erst was free to rove ;

And sense and beauty now conspire,

To light an ardent love.

Then wonder not to hear me vow

That I can change no more ;

Since she has all Heav'n can bestow,

Or fighting swains adore.

Thus Nature, foe to Flattery's strain,
Instructs the busy bee
To range the produce of the plain,
And every shrub and tree ;

Till lighting on the bloomy rose,
Where each sweet essence joins,
Like me, the fondest with she shews
To live where Beauty shines.

S O N G XIII.

HOW weak is vain Man ! how delusive his views !
He alone thro' creation his mis'ry pursues :
Opinion or Int'rest he takes for his guide,
Nor allows his own heart on its peace to decide.

He asks to be rich—and he envies the great ;
He doats on the fanciful phantoms of state :
To these, without pain—an eternal adieu,
To be blest, O my LAURA ! with friendship and you.

For dearer thy love than the pomp of a throne,
And sweeter than gales from eglantine blown ;
And richer the empire to reign in thy breast,
Than all that ambition and grandeur can taste.

Heaven bade my fond heart fix its pleasures on thee,
 I bend—and adore its eternal decree:
 The decree universal all mankind must prove,
 “ That bliss must be rais’d on the basis of love.”

S O N G X I V .

WHEN DAMON first fair DELIA met,
He vow'd eternal love and truth ;
But soon he paid the heedless debt,
And call'd his love a flight of youth.

His friends allow'd the giddy plea—
The fair too thought him nothing wrong :
BELINDA next he chanc'd to see,
And heard her wit, and prais'd her song.

He breath'd his tale, devoid of art,
Nor was she backward to approve ;
But soon her folly lost his heart,
And who can blame his changing love ?

Some

Some months elaps'd, AMELIA came,
Adorn'd with every grace and charm :
Again the swain confess'd a flame,
And felt affection pure and warm.

The nymph was cautious, yet not coy—
She pois'd aright each hope and fear :
Dispell'd his care, refin'd his joy,
And fix'd on friendship—love sincere.

SONG XV.

ANACREONTIC.

WHILE I figh'd with idle care,
For a jilting, cruel fair,
THRACIA's God forbade to pine,
And prescrib'd his rosy wine.

Quick tormenting CUPID flew,
And to Love I bade adieu :
BACCHUS came with jolly face,
To supply his vacant place.

Every joy on earth was mine—
Social friends, and mirth, and wine ;
Then I swore by Stygian Jove,
Ne'er to taste the cares of Love.

But

But how frail the vow, that flies

At a glance from Beauty's eyes !

CHLOE taught me wine was vain—

Soon to Love I turn'd again.

S O N G X V I .

IMITATED FROM METASTASIO.

WHEN Love has once possess'd the breast,
Tho' dormant lie Desire,
Like embers under ashes hid,
Each blast awakes the fire.

DELIA, for thee I breath'd my vows
In secret, and unknown;
And vainly hop'd—since Fate forbade—
The am'rous flame was flown.

Delusive dream—in every scene—
In every fair I view,
Thy charms reflected still I see,
And Fancy feigns them true.

Fondly

Fondly I doat on pleasures lost,
Nor wish my heart were free ;
For dearer than my sweetest joys
Are painful thoughts of thee.

(818)

SONG XVII.

WHEN Love illumes the youthful breast,
And Beauty points her golden dart ;
When sighs rise mutual to be blest,
What thrilling raptures touch the heart !

On downy wing the swift hours move—
Sweet incense loads the fanning gale ;
And every note that glads the grove,
Responsive breathes Affection's tale.

O stay, ye sweet propitious hours !
Prolong your flight, and gild my view !
Alas ! ye fly—the tempest lours ;
My fancy dreams no more of you.

The vivid flash of heartfelt bliss—

The smile of Joy, the sigh of Love—

The tender talk, th' entrancing kifs,

No more my tortur'd soul can move.

SONG XVIII.

THE SEASONS OF LIFE;

FROM A MS. PLAY.

IN the Spring of my life, when the passions were young,
And love, honour, and friendship flow'd warm from my
tongue,

How sweet was the season ! how transporting the bliss !
My companions were true, and love breath'd in each kiss.

Smiling Summer came on, and improv'd my delight ;
The gay sunshine of pleasure beam'd ardent and bright :
I gain'd the meridian, then took me a wife,
And resolv'd to walk gently the down-hill of life.

Ruddy Autumn unfolded its fruits to my eye ;
Mature was my reason, and serene was my joy :
My passions were tranquil, and my wishes were stay'd,
I saw the leaf fall, and I was not dismay'd.

At last, in the Winter of existence I'm cast;
 I dread not the future, and I mourn not the past:
 My desires and my strength feel an equal decay,
 And my only ambition 's to moisten my clay.

Thus thro' life have I pass'd without pain, fear, or shame;
 I have sought for no riches, and have gain'd no ill name;
 For it still was my aim, young, manly, or mellow,
 To live like an hearty and good-natur'd fellow.

SONG XIX.

IL MODERATO.

I ASK no store of gold or gems,
No splendid seats nor wide domains ;
I crave no empty founding names,
Nor Grandeur's smile, nor fraudulent gains.

My fortune to the Skies I leave,
And only frame the modest pray'r,
In peace their blessings to receive,
Or fortitude to suffer care.

If Friendship gild my humble cot—
If Love illumine life's darksome way,
I envy not a monarch's lot,
Nor court more sunshine on my day.

S O N G X X .

F R O M A M S . P L A Y ,

TO chace the mists that wrap the sky,
The morning sun how weak !
But as his chariot mounts on high,
His beams through vapours break.

Thus youth, by Error's mists beset,
By wayward Passions tost,
Full slowly gains that happy state—
Illumin'd Reason's boast.

Yet may the Parent's tender care,
The Tutor's active skill,
Teach the young plant ripe fruit to bear,
And train it to their will.

The child, in Wisdom's precepts rear'd,
Shall bless the culture bland ;
And still, endearing and endear'd,
Repay the fostering hand.

SONG XXI.
GREAT AND FREE.

Tune, "RULE BRITANNIA."

MDCCXCIII.

I.

CROWN'D with honours, rich in arts,
Imperial BRITAIN ! shield thy throne ;
Thy bulwark be our faithful hearts,
Close-circling as thy wat'ry zone :
For he alone is great and free,
Who venerates the LAWS—in thee.

II.

Though Faction, leagu'd with wild Uproar,
Thy snowy bosom would deform ;
Thy true-born Sons shall guard thy shore,
From foreign and domestic storm :—
For he alone is great and free,
Who venerates the LAWS—in thee.

III. Their

III.

Their Country's love shall arm the weak—
 The Patriot's voice shall check the bold ;
 And vain shall bloated Treason seek
 Thy lovely image to enfold.
 For he alone is great and free,
 Who venerates the LAWS—in thee.

IV.

To Regal Power thy children bend,
 Led on by love, not awed by fear ;
 And gain the needful help they lend—
 For each supports his PROPER SPHERE.
 And he alone is great, is free,
 Who venerates the LAWS—in thee.

V.

Thy humblest native, beauteous isle !
 Will curb the factious, spurn the slave ;
 For, blest with genuine Freedom's smile,
 He shares the gifts her bounty gave :
 And feels that he alone is free,
 Who venerates the LAWS—in thee.

III.

Then County's love shall cradle me —
The Patriot's love shall check the tide;
And vain shall bleed the Nation's heart
The lovely image to create.
For he alone is great and free,
Who venerates the law — in thee

To Regal Power thy children bend,
Led on by love, not forced by fear,
And gain the needed help they need —
Henceforth support his proper sphere.
And here goes a great, a free,
Who venerates the law — in thee

Thy hand, thy native, London's heart,
Will lend the battle, from the West
For, chief with genuine Freedom's heart,
He shares the gift his hands have earned,
And feels that he alone is free,
Who venerates the law — in thee

SONNETS



S O N N E T S.

SONNETS

SONNET I.

TO MEMORY.

THEE, MEM'RY ! I invoke with ardent pray'r—
 Not to recal the sweet infantile hours,
 The mental calm, and vacancy from care,
 Ere yet a cloud upon the prospect lours :—
 Nor yet the gaudy scenes that HOPE pourtrays,
 When youthful Fancy dreams of Pleasure's long-liv'd
 days.

Alas ! deceiv'd by unsubstantial shew—
 By gilded meteors and illusions vain,
 Thy aids, O MEM'RY ! teach me but to know,
 The dire reiterated sense of pain.

Then from thy tablet raze recorded ill—
 Bid fleeting Joy, and ruin'd Hope remove ;
 And all the space alone with traces fill
 Of favours deeply felt, and friends that dearly love !

SONNET

SONNET II.

TO SENSIBILITY.

DEAR poignant source of ecstacy and woe !
 Imperious sovereign of my pliant frame !
 Thro' every nerve quick shoots thy vivid glow,
 And every sense subservient owns thy claim—
 I know thee—mighty as the lightning's stroke,
 That vibrates thro' the sky to rend the knotted oak.
 Shewn in terrific magnitude of form,
 By thy keen optics human ills appear :
 By thee I see the yet-impending storm,
 And for each shaft prepare a ready tear.
 With envy, malice, or aversion fraught,
 I pierce the film that veils the doubtful eye :—
 Alas ! how seldom has this heart been taught
 To read the presage sweet of rosy-dawning Joy,

SONNET

SONNET III.

TO SPRING.

'TIS not for sweets that load thy balmy gales,
 Nor painted flow'rets, nor embroider'd vales,
 I thee invoke, fair SPRING!—Thy gayest hues,
 Tho' brighter than the touch of mimic Art,
 Thy rosy morns—thy soft ambrosial dews,
 Fail to relieve the agonizing heart.
 The tuneful warblings of thy feather'd train,
 The Doric pipe that cheers the pastoral plain,
 The blossom'd trees in gaudy colours drest,
 And Nature blooming in her verdant vest,
 To me are vain—then what avails thee, Spring!
 'Tis that with present ills oppress'd, dismay'd,
 In search of bliss I plume the future's wing,
 And soar on flattering Hope beyond this night of shade.

SONNET

SONNET IV.

TO WINTER.

BLOOMS there a flower beneath thy reign,
 Breathes there sweet incense from the grove?
 Waves there a field of golden grain,
 Or pours the warbler notes of love?
 Ah! no—beneath thy gelid sway,
 Nor beauty decks the plain—nor music cheers the spray.
 Ev'n man—of Reason's lamp possesst,
 Who boasts his power o'er time and place,
 Feels thy fell torpor seize his breast,
 And strives in vain the pest to chase:
 He feels of joy the scanty rills
 Contracted by thy potent breath;
 O! could it too diminish ills,
 And sooth the aching heart, and check the step of death!

SONNET V.

ON PARTING WITH A FRIEND.

WHY sinks my heart ! why flows the vital tide

So chill—so slow ! why does my tongue deny
Its aid ! and drooping Fancy seek to hide

The painful source of many a heaving sigh ?—
Gone is the Friend whose converse cheer'd my way,
And shed o'er gloomy Care a momentary day.

Befet with ills of body and of mind—
HOPE scarce alive—and HAPPINESS quite dead,

I strove one faithful, tender Friend to find,
And live resign'd beneath my humble shed.

Such Friend I found; alas ! it pains the more,
Gain'd but to lose—and lov'd—but to lament:—

Ah ! cease fond thought—'tis folly to deplore—
The choicest gifts below are only favours lent !

SONNET VI.

TO CONTENTMENT.

PARENT of every tranquil joy !

Kind soother of discordant strife !

Thy halcyon ease no storms annoy,

Thy spirit smooths the road of life !

O shed on me thy cordial balms,

And give my shipwreck'd heart some momentary calms !

Toss'd by the waves of adverse Fate,

By Envy torn, and jealous Hate—

When darkest clouds about me spread,

And gather round this victim head,

To thee I lift the patient eye,

And meekly meet the fated blow :

For bliss I look to yonder sky—

And only beg thy smiles to light my path below.

SONNET

SONNET VII.

ON HEARING THE EVENING BELL OF —

SLOW tolls the bell—with museful measur'd sound,
 The knell of day departed—throws around
 Its warning voice to tell the sons of toil,

That home's sweet joys, and placid sleep invite :
 Or calls the trav'ler, journeying many a mile,

To reach the vill—and stop till dawning light.
 To me its sound no gay ideas brings,
 But o'er my mind a pensive sadness flings :—
 To mem'ry it recalls affection lost,

The dearest ties torn bleeding from my heart—
 The vernal blossoms nipp'd by Death's fell frost—

The anguish keen from friends belov'd to part :
 It strikes me as the monitory knell—
 That bids the soul prepare of earth to take farewell.

SONNET VIII.

TO HOPE.

BRIGHTEST and fairest offspring of the sky,
 Like light and air the equal boon of all ;
 At thy approach the mental spectres fly,
 And loveliest forms descend in radiant pall !
 From weeping eyes thy balm can dry the tears,
 And still the throbbing heart, and stop intruding fears.
 The captive in the dungeon's deepest gloom,
 Illum'd by thy celestial, piercing ray,
 Soars for a moment—heedless of his doom,
 To scenes of liberty, and basks in day.
 The veriest wretch forgets his poignant pain,
 When thy sweet smiles the galling load relieve;—
 O let my breast thy cheering influence gain,
 And promise bliss in store—altho' thou should'st deceive.

SONNET

SONNET IX.

TO WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ.

LATE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF BENGAL.

WARM with my country's love, I hail thy name,
 HASTINGS! her shield, her honour, and her pride!
 Dear to each Muse shall shine thy patriot fame,
 And THAMES and GANGES roll thy praises wide.
 "Mild, just, and wise," shall be thy BRITAIN's strains—
 And Echo tell the same o'er INDIA's smiling plains.
 Though Faction's arts thy merit veil awhile,
 And tardy Justice still suspends her scale;
 I see thy foes lament their futile toil,
 And Truth o'er florid impotence prevail.—
 I see thy worth emerging from the cloud,
 Bright from the contrast—clearer to our eyes:
 So when the mists day's orb resplendent shroud,
 His sudden bursting light more strongly lumes the
 skies.

SONNET X.

T O N I G H T.

THY fable stole, begemm'd with many a star
 That mocks the diamond's most exalted blaze;
 Thy changeful regent, in her silver car,
 O Night ! I love beyond the brightest days :
 Day's gairish eye makes misery hang its head,
 While darkness o'er my fate suspends a friendly shade.
 The sons of joy may flaunt beneath the sun,
 And grandeur spread its trappings to the gale ;
 With ancient fages I my course would run,
 And by the taper study, and turn pale.
 The din of bus'ness, and the cares of gain—
 All that Ambition or that Folly crave,
 I bid adieu ! my portion HERE is pain,
 And welcome is the Night that wraps me in the grave.

SONNET

SONNET XI.

D E S P A I R.

'T IS done—Hope's active ray, long quivering, faint,
 That lambent play'd—illuming darksome Care,
 For ever sinks!—each emanation spent,
 And leaves me tortur'd with the last Despair.
 In close embrace Despair—Distraction join—
 And each darts all its stings to pierce this heart of mine.
 Ah me! in vain I lift the languid eye—
 Ah me! in vain I stretch the helpless hand—
 Forbid the mournful privilege to sigh,
 Forlorn, forsook, in anguish mute I stand.
 No friendly voice would wake my soul to joy,
 But foes around their venom'd arrows fling:
 As nought *can* save—O, quick, let ills destroy—
 For Life has now no bliss, nor Death a dreaded sting!

SONNET XII.

TO CHARITY.

DAUGHTER of Heav'n sublime! thou ray of God!

Pure essence! sprung from pure celestial Love!

Rich is the bosom grac'd with thy abode,

And poor the wretch thy spirit fails to move.

O fill my heart--each thought, each word controul,

And fix th' ETERNAL's stamp--His image on my soul!

Teach me to look with Candour's modest eye--

Prone to absolve, while still the last to blame:

Teach me to heave the sympathetic sigh,

And spare "the blushes of ingenuous shame."

To think no ill--to dare no cruel deed--

In one wide circle to embrace mankind,

Be this my study--this my glorious meed,

And HEAVEN must view, well-pleas'd, its own reflected

MIND.

SONNET

SONNET XIII.

TO PHILANDER.

TO thee the Muse would fain devote a lay
 Rich as *thy* worth, and ardent as *my* love;
 But words how weak! my feelings to pourtray—
 The heart must shew—what language cannot prove.
 To thee the heart with fond Affection turns,
 And on its altar warm—the purest incense burns.
 Amid each storm—when Malice vents its spite,
 Or Slander dips its poison'd tongue in gall,
 Or Treachery drops its mask with mean delight—
 Thy voice is rais'd at Friendship's sacred call.
 At Friendship's call, you bid the false be still—
 The breast you shield, from secret shafts be free:
 Oh grant me, HEAVEN! as now—th' eternal WILL,
 But ne'er the LOT to pay—this grateful debt to thee.

SONNET

SONNET XIV.
 TO LADY AMELIA SPENCER,
 ON ENTERING HER SIXTH YEAR.

THE Muse that hail'd thy natal hour
 Again her gratulation pays;
 Pleas'd to attend the budding flower,
 And greet the dawn of Reason's days :—
 To bid the mental charm—the winning grace,
 Still more expand, and beam new beauties on thy face.
 Thine are the years that know no guile—
 Ah ! happy years, how dear, how blest !
 And still be thine the heartfelt smile,
 And thine be Virtue's limpid breast.
 May circling months, and Reason's sway,
 With opening views thy bliss improve ;
 And long, O long, thy natal day
 Bring some access of joy, of friendship, or of love !

SONNET

SONNET XV.

ON RECEIVING THE NEWS OF THE LOSS OF
AN ONLY BROTHER *.

SLOW roll'd the months—Affection mark'd the day
When favouring gales would bring th' expectant fail:
The favouring gales but hasten my dismay—
No more I doubt—I only wake to wail.
O Brother dear ! and shall we meet no more—
Yes ! swift MY vessel fails, but YOURS first gains the shore !
Through every clime, on Hope's strong pinions borne
You pass'd, indifferent or to toil or fear ;
Brav'd western furs, and pierc'd the realms of morn,
Alas ! to lie unwater'd by my tear.
O Brother dear ! and am I left behind,
To strive with storms, unfriended and alone ?
With thee I hop'd the future's calm to find—
In vain I hop'd—th' ETERNAL WILL be done !

* He was one of the Officers of the ROYAL ADMIRAL Indiaman ;
and died at WHAMPOA in CHINA, October 20, 1790, in the 29th
year of his age.

SONNET XVI.
TO RATIONAL LIBERTY.

WRITTEN ON READING THE HORRID ACTS OF THE PARIS MOB.

DEARER than life, than love more sweet,
Of every joy the source, the zest !
Thee, LIBERTY ! I fondly greet,
Thy genuine spirit fires my breast.
No tyrant's frown—no traitor's harlot smile,
My free-born soul shall awe—my sense shall e'er beguile.
Rais'd on the throne of LAW and RIGHT,
O ever shield thy favourite land !
While anarchy with wild affright
Flies to GALLIA's frantic strand.
O check those scenes of dire uproar—
Revenge thy prostituted name !
And far, O far, from BRITAIN's shore
Drive the foul deeds that clothe thy charms with shame !

F I N I S.



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to a COUNTRY CONGREGATION, on Friday April 19,
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